

# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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DEACON & PETERSON, Publishers,  
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### PASSING AWAY.

All beauty is fleeting when passing away,  
And gains a new charm in its subtle decay,  
A radiance of touching fragility given  
To all that is fading—to mark it for heaven.

The sun's latest beam is the brightest he throws;  
His course is most splendid when nearest its close;  
And Day waning fast, of its end gives no sign,  
Save the brief and bright hectic that veils its decline.

The forest has no summer charm that compares  
With the fever of glory it afterwards wears,  
With the flushes of splendor in which it is dyed  
When incendiary Autumn his torch has applied.

But soon smouldering ashes are all that proclaim  
Where it then lights to gold, where it kindles to flame;  
Tis the fire that consumes it that brightens awhile,  
And it stands in the blaze of its funeral pile.

In perfection of beauty the rose meets its doom,  
And dies in the fulness and flush of its bloom;  
The fruit ere the glow of its ripeness is o'er,  
When most fair to the eye, has decay at its core.

Also for the sunset! alas for the trees!  
For the flower and the fruit! But no sigh not  
for these;  
The stem has more promise, the rose has more buds—  
There is morn to the sky, there is spring to the woods.

But a beauty more radiant we sadly deplore,  
Which passeth like these, and then bloometh no more—  
More dear to our hearts, and more glad to our eyes,  
Than the blossoms of spring or the light of the skies.

## A YOUNG GIRL'S LETTERS.

BY MADAME OTTILIE WILDERMUTH.

TRANSLATED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,  
BY FANNY MALONE RAYMOND.

### NINTH LETTER.

Who would have thought, dear Julia, that in this house, seemingly so peaceful and monotonous, so many sorrows have found place! I am really troubled, that the poetic and joyful life of a student no longer appears in the same light to me! Oh, this cold, rude world has cruel necessities!

But, my darling, tell me, I beg of you, if it is possible, can what my mother told me in her last letter be true! what she says of—(ah, my dear mother, little did she imagine what a blow the news would be to her child!)—of—I can scarcely bear to trace the name,—of—Almorini! What! he a cheat! a good-for-nothing! a clock-maker's apprentice! a musical clock-maker! and who, with his fine voice, figure, and Italian appearances, deceived even the directors of the Institute! What, he! shamefully driven away for his debts and lies! It cannot, it ought not to be!

"The heart I deemed so full of force and love,  
The brow as pure as yonder sun above!"

And the graceful smile, the noble form, the look, the deep, dark glance! Oh, I beg you write me word quickly that all is error and calumny. But if it be true? Then, dearest, be silent, and let me weep to think that anything that seemed so fair could finish thus!

"And must they change to pains and smart,  
These lovely dreams of youthful hearts?"

Here I am of course obliged to be silent as to what touches me so profoundly; were it not for this shadow, I should like the life in this house better and better every day. I can assist my aunt in many things now; I have even prepared a few dishes myself, and Tobias thought they were delicious. So solid an appetite as his is a little promise; but I was nevertheless quite flattered by his approbation.



OIL SPRINGS AT TARR FARM, OIL CREEK, VENANGO COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA.

The above, engraved expressly for The Post, represents the Oil-Works at Oil Creek, Pennsylvania, where, as well as at other points the business has assumed dimensions that promise soon to make it one of the most important branches of our commerce. Petroleum has already become absolutely indispensable in certain branches of manufacture. The materials for dyeing the

new shades of red and purple, known as Macrae, Magenta, Solferino, &c., can all be extracted from petroleum, or rock-oil. It is largely used in other trades, in Europe as well as in this country.

In the front of the illustration is shown a large vat, or cistern, in which a spouting well is running the oil. Owing to the specific lightness of the petroleum it floats upon the surface

of water, and any deleterious matter which may be mixed with it is at once precipitated to the bottom whence it is readily extricated. The oil is run into good strong forty-gallon casks, and dispatched to the refineries at home, or exported to every port in Europe. Phillips' Well is estimated to yield 3,000 casks per week. The uses of this oil are many. In refining, spirits of petroleum are produced,

from which a turpentine substitute is made, now being largely used in the place of spirits of turpentine. The next and the most important derivative is the petroleum oil, used for burning in paraffin-lamps. Lubricating oils and greases are likewise extracted from it, and was also in great quantities. In the United States and Canada more than one hundred refineries have been erected.

tion. I have paid another visit to the sick; this time my aunt went with me; she wishes me to begin with the best people. We went to see a young girl who had suffered greatly in her feet for several years, and who is almost always in bed. She is alone for whole days together, while her parents are at work in the fields; but her little room is very clean and neat; my aunt has persuaded me to teach her crochet, so that she might work at it; it pleases us both; I am not so embarrassed as I was in my first visit to the sick, and Christine is not too timid either; she has read a great deal, especially in the Bible, Arndt, and works of that kind. You cannot imagine what clearness and serenity of mind this young girl possesses! Yes, dear heart, we have changed parts; it is I who take lessons from Christine while I am with her, although she does not perceive it. So much peace and gentleness united to so much misfortune! I am almost ashamed of my joys, and of my sorrows too!

I have an immense quantity of things to do at present; my embroidery is laid aside; I am making a counterpane for my uncle, out of the curtain that I intended for my chamber window; as for collars, sleeves and chemises, I have enough to last for a long time, and I have so many other things to do that I cannot occupy myself with them now.

My aunt has a poor washerwoman in the village; while the poor woman is busy washing, her five little girls swarm like ants about the court-yard; they are called Nannette, Louise, Minnie, Hammely, and Roselly, and resemble each other like the thorns on a hedge, only that each one is a little taller than the other. As it has been very damp lately, my aunt advised me to take them into the house; I have gradually become familiar with them all; I wanted to give them lessons, to "keep school," as they call it in the pretty English stories, but my aunt thinks they will learn all that is necessary at the village school, so I only occupy myself with the youngest ones. I made them some dolls; you should have seen how delighted they were! Annamelle even cut out some dresses for the little girls themselves. In the evenings, I have knitted them some stockings. My head is almost turned with so many occupations, and I wish that I had my aunt's happy quietude; she can do everything at once, and everything is finished at the right time. She has made me promise that I will not neglect my piano forte practice; in some old volumes of music that lay in a corner, and that once belonged to the beloved Bertha, I have found some romances and minuets, and I have learned them. Formerly, I did not care to sing any music but Italian, you know why; now, when I sing these old songs, uncle laughs and weeps with emotion; I was never before made so happy by any applause!

And Tobias! would you believe it! he is

now my pupil in French; "for fear I should forget it," he says. It is a singular lesson; my pupil asks me several questions about things that I do not very well understand; then he takes up the grammar and begins to give me a lesson. I have only just found out that he is an excellent Greek and Latin scholar. He is not so dry as I thought, and our lesson hour sometimes passes very gayly.

But in my quiet room I ask myself often: "Is it possible? has this heavenly star fallen into the dust?"

"In silence mournful tears I shed,  
The crowd sees but my joyous smile!  
These wearied eyes can shine the while,  
Yet o'er my soul is darkness spread!  
And could we die of pain and woe,  
Then had this pulse ceased long ago!"

There is no probability of my death at present; I even fear, that when we meet again, you will think I look too robust; all idea of decline is over!

I am now wearing my hair in broad bandeaus; the Chinese style did not please my aunt. Annamelle has lately told me about my grand-uncle and grand-aunt's marriage; you shall hear it the next time I write. And I beg of you, darling, to send me an answer quickly; it will bring life or death to your afflicted friend.

FANNY.

### STORIES OF THE OLD SEAMSTRESS.

#### RACHEL AND LEAH.

"I have already told you how Henry (the merchant), who was a tall man of a fine figure (although not so handsome as Robert), unexpectedly brought his betrothed home. She was called Rosalie, and was the most beautiful young girl that I ever saw. She was very different from our angel Bertha, however! She had hair as black as jet, and as brilliant as a looking-glass; and such eyes!—Robert laughingly called them a double-barrelled gun. She had the step of a queen, and cheeks as red and velvety as a peach.

"But she was very poor; her father had been a bankrupt. Henry had made her acquaintance at the time of the sale of her father's effects, and they were betrothed the very next day. Henry was still quite young, and my former master thought that in marriage, not taste alone, but personal interest also should be consulted. When the mamma told me it was that he loved, the papa angrily replied, 'What folly! could he not just as well have fallen in love with a rich girl!'

"But what was done was done. The lovely, merry young girl finished by charming my old master, and had not his resources been almost exhausted by Robert's extravagance, he would not have said a word against this marriage project.

"The young betrothed did not please al-

together; she brought three elegant bonnets with her, and three very handsome pairs of gaiter boots, but not one pair of strong leather shoes; she came secretly to me every morning to have her hair plaited, for she could not dress it herself; and she was very communicative with me, because she always had so many things to be mended. Oh, you should have seen how she did the mending herself! She stuck court plaster under her black silk dress to hide the worn places!

"She put on a pretty velvet cloak while her hair was being dressed, with a pocket handkerchief tied round her neck by way of cravat. And the embroidered collars that were merely tacked to her dress! No, my child, she was not the wife for a merchant! If I were a man, and a young girl pleased me, I would have her linen examined by a seamstress to find out whether she would make a good housekeeper. Henry's mother certainly made her private remarks on all this, but she said nothing; and when Rosalie looked at you with her eyes that shone like the sun, you forgot everything. The father finished by being enchanted with her, and consoled himself with the hope that Carl would make a more reasonable choice.

"Henry established himself, according to his father's wishes, in a small town. From there he visited Bremen, Hamburg, and all the principal commercial towns; he was to be a dealer in tobacco and cheese. But he wanted to get married at once, and thought of that more than anything else; he fancied that matters were going on swimmingly.

The young lady told him, half-laughingly, half-seriously, that the most fearful idea to her had always been that of becoming the wife of a cheese or herring dealer; she besought him, with tears in her eyes, to become a banker, or at least to establish himself in some fashionable business in the imperial residence; but she saw that this could not be, and she had to content herself with seeing her husband direct a spice warehouse; but she made it a condition that he should never request her to put her foot in the place; so she lived in the upper stories like a princess; she had velvet-covered furniture, brocade curtains, and even a crystal wash-hand basin on her toilette-table! But her sheets and table linen were of cotton! and the kitchen was always locked, lest any strangers should chance to see its continual disorder! Her saucepans were cracked, her kitchen utensils all of china, nothing of pewter, so that a continual music of cracked plates was kept up, and the back yard was paved with china of all the colors of the rainbow. She thought that she was an excellent housekeeper, and that a great saving was made when one had coffee and sugar for nothing.

"My former mistress was secretly annoyed by all this, but Robert's death effaced all petty griefs, and only left a place for deep

sorrow. She resisted this trouble less bravely than former ones, and but for a short time; she had to take to her bed for several weeks. Henry's wife came to take care of her, and did it with the best will in the world; if she had only lost the key of the store-room a little less often! She made my mistress so impatient with her carelessness, that at last I had to take the nurse's place.

"Of all the visitors whom the sick lady received, the most agreeable to her was Mademoiselle Louise, the daughter of the bailiff of Steeburg; she was not in the least handsome, but, pale, retiring, and of a quiet disposition; the most exquisite niceness reigned in her whole person and manners; she always seemed to be at rest, and yet she did twice as much as other people. She was an only daughter, a rich heiress; but in spite of her fortune, she was one of the most sensible and modest of young girls. When she changed a piece of gold, she even counted the coppers. There was an accomplished young lady, indeed!

"She came to see us one day, while Henry's wife was still there; she was just going to sit down beside the sick bed, when she saw, under a chair close by, a magnificent crape shawl, of Madame Rosalie's, (she always dragged something after her!) she raised and folded it, without saying a word. I said to her:

"You should buy such a shawl as that for yourself!"

"And why?" she replied, looking at her reflection in the glass, with a smile; 'my figure would not suit such a shawl!'

"She was right; yet it became Madame Rosalie admirably."

"Although Mademoiselle Louise loved the old lady very much, she came here but seldom; I fancied that she tried to avoid young Mr. Carl, and without reason; for he did not pay her the least attention, after he had once greeted her; I saw that his indifference gave my mistress pain, and I also saw that Louise kept her eyes cast down, and sewed and knitted with redoubled zeal when my young master was there, and that when she read aloud before him, the sound of her voice was quite remarkable; but he did not remark anything of it. And why should she care? One who possesses a fortune like hers is never in need of suitors!

"The old lady died. 'God give me rest!' she often said in her prayers; and perhaps her prayer was granted, for she was weary of suffering. During the days that immediately preceded her death, she was often alone with Carl, and she blessed him a thousand times, as the beloved son, who had not given her a single hour of sorrow. I never found out what she said to him; but I am sure that she did not impose any command on him, for she had too much good sense for such a thing; she knew that it is God who disposes

of the future of those we love, and not the dying, who cannot foresee what may happen, whose moments are counted, and who cannot recall the words they have once uttered.

"What a loss is the death of such a mother! God grant that I may never again pass through such a trial! Madame Rosalie came to hear the will read; she was wonderfully beautiful in her mourning dress, and sincerely afflicted at the death of this excellent mother; but she created so much disorder wherever she appeared, that, although my old master loved her, he could not breathe freely until she was gone. It was not so splendid as formerly in Henry's house; every time he visited his father, I heard my old master move his money-chest, and yet Henry was intelligent and laborious. His delight about his love-match was no longer rapturous; I sometimes heard unkind words between them; the young wife would then cry and shut herself up in her room; he would knock at the door until she opened it; then they would make it up and embrace as before,—in one word, there was no common sense in their life!

"Mademoiselle Louise, the bailiff's daughter, only came back to the house once more; it was on the day of the funeral, when she placed a crown of green ivy in the coffin. She did not appear again, but Mr. Carl often went to Steeburg, and when, a year later, he came back one day, betrothed to Louise, we were not at all astonished, but enchanted! We knew what an excellent mistress of the house she would make; and my old master wept for joy.

"When the time of mourning was over, the wedding was to take place; Louise sometimes paid us a visit; and, as my old master besought her, she already began, although with great reserve, to occupy herself with the household affairs, and whatever she touched could not have been better done.

"The betrothed couple were not so tender as Henry and Robert had been with their sweethearts; they did not give each other childish names, they had no little secrets, and manifested no desire to be alone. It was all very proper; I thought, myself, that as they were betrothed, they should have been a little more tender, and I sometimes fancied that Miss Louise was also of my opinion. Miss Louise came once more, a few weeks before the wedding. My old master wished to give up the entire direction of the house to the young people, and had therefore a great deal to say to them; Louise came with me up to this room, where we wanted to examine the linen, to see what could still be made use of, &c. We heard my old master and his son talking in the next room. In that room there was a large chest, containing family papers which they needed. We did not suspect that anything secret was going on, so we kept very quiet, for fear of disturbing the gentlemen; that Louise was so near, they had no idea, and certainly did not think about me; when you have lived a long time in a house, you are as good as nobody.

"My old master was doubtless showing some papers to Mr. Carl. 'There, you see what your brothers have already had; more than now remains to the property; Robert, poor boy, spent a great deal besides that; but with your bride's fine fortune—'

"Of course," said Carl, with a bitter tone that I had never before heard in his voice, 'with my bride's fortune! My brothers were able to do as they pleased; they enjoyed life in every way; they loved and married according to the wish of their hearts, while I stayed at home working like a beast of burden! and now people choose to marry me without love, and for money, so that you may be enabled to re-establish the estate—Of course!' He walked up and down the room with great strides; I trembled like a poplar leaf, and did not dare to look at Louise.

"But, dear Carl," said my old master, in a trembling voice, 'no one forced you to it!'

"Forced? No, I was not violently driven to it; but my mother's wish, your opinion, our ruined fortune, and Henry's continual drains on our purse, have constrained me to make what I would have persuaded myself is a noble sacrifice! But now that the hour is come, I see the meanness of the action!"

"But, Carl, has your betrothed no other value than her money? Is our plan such a wrong one?"

"It is precisely because I do justice to her merit that I think it wrong to offer her my hand without loving her."

"Well, then, go, in God's name! seek a beautiful wife," said my old master sadly; 'you shall not take a rich one on account of me; I have sufficient for the few days that remain to me on earth.' But when Carl found his father so much afflicted, he was greatly troubled, for he has an excellent heart. He consoled him, and assured him that he was not unhappy, but only fearful of acting ignobly; that doubtless all would end well, for he meant to show so much affection and kindness to his wife, that she would never suspect that he did not love her deep-



ly. The father and son separated well content, but Louise! she threw herself on her knees, and hid her face on a chair; and after they were gone, how she sobbed and wept! Ah, my child! I have often seen people weep, but rarely such tears as these!

"At last she arose and walked about, as Carl had done a few moments before. She who was generally so calm and quiet! 'He shall take my money! he shall have all, all!' she said. 'I will go far away; I will earn my bread with these hands; he shall never hear of me again; he shall marry for love!' Then she wept bitterly; she took off her betrothal ring, and gave it to me, to return to him; I no longer knew what to do. Then I took courage. I told her how unfortunate a rupture would be, so few days before the intended marriage day; I showed her the desolation of her parents, Carl's old father's sorrow; she would not hear me speak of Carl's grief; but she understood at length that she would never accept her money without her hand, and that he could never be happy again, after having caused so much pain to two families. But she would not think of consenting to the marriage; she was completely beside herself.

"Well," I said at length, "if you believe, from the bottom of your heart, that it is God's will, and not the will of your offended pride, in God's name, do as you think best!" She remained silent for some time, with her face hidden in her hands; then looking at me, she said, "In God's name! I think it is His will that I should bear Leash's fate! Promise me, Annamelle, that no one shall know what has passed here, that you will never remind me of it, and that you will beseech God to give me strength to walk in my way with a resigned will." And we never spoke of it again.

"She was more silent than ever for some time, and on the wedding day she looked like a lamb led to the sacrifice; but the modest attitude became her so well! Besides, she had never been proud, and her disposition could not have been more reliable and upright. Carl often asked her if she had not some hidden sorrow, and he seemed more interested in her than when she was peaceful and contented.

"It was impossible for any mistress of a household to do better than this young woman. Zealous, making the most of God's blessings, indefatigable from morning until night, busied with little as well as great things, disdaining no occupation, as though she were the humblest of creatures; and doing everything with so much quiet and sweetness, that it was easy to see that the strength she spent on her daily tasks came from above. And with what care and respect she surrounded my old master! How she read his wishes in his eye! I never saw anything like it. He must have been happy, for successes and blessings in everything fell upon our house, as if while we were asleep.

"But we had not much gaiety. There was too much constraint and reserve in the young wife's manner when she was alone with her husband. I saw how often his heart overflowed, and how he longed to tell her what a woman he thought her! But she did not appear to see anything of it, and he found no opportunity to explain himself.

"She fell ill; she had nursed her father during an attack of malignant fever, and she was now seriously ill with it herself. I nursed her, and she requested her husband not to come near her, on account of the infection, but he would not be kept away by fear, and was continually in her room. On the seventh day her illness reached its crisis; even the doctor, before going away, spoke to my master, but did not tell him anything consolatory or encouraging.

"The poor lady looked as if she had ceased to breathe; I was alone with her for the night watch. Her husband entered, as pale as death. 'Leave me,' he said; 'I will watch to-night.' I would not allow it, but he waved me away, and said, 'If I am to lose her, I will at least be with her to the last, and alone!' And he fell at the foot of the bed, burying his head in the counterpane, sobbing and crying like a child. Ah, it is fearful to see a man weep! 'Such a treasure was too great a blessing for me! I was not worthy of her!' he said. Then he tried to conquer his feelings, and forced me to tell him everything; then he sat down by the bedside with something like calmness. One of the sick lady's hands lay on the counterpane; he placed his own gently upon it. I went into a room near by, so as to be at hand in case I should be needed.

"In the middle of the night I heard the noise of low talking; I feared that the last hour had come, and I looked into the room. Our invalid seemed to be yet very weak, but her husband's head was bent over her, and they were talking together. I felt very anxious, but as I did not like to enter just then, I went away quietly.

"The next morning I saw that Madame Louise was still in bed, and motionless; on entering, I feared she might be dead, until I saw her smiling; it was an angelic smile, like that of children; she and her husband looked at each other with eyes! Ah, my child, such eyes! Madame Rosalie never appeared so beautiful to me as the invalid looked that morning, in spite of her weakness. I feared that she would certainly die, for she looked so much like an angel!

"But she did not die; she got well, and resumed her old occupations; what life and love she put into every thing she did then!

"During the night she had been so ill, she had found out how much she was beloved. She and her husband did not say the stupid things to each other that Henry and his wife formerly did; but when they looked at each other, it was as if a pure light shone around them. Her husband did not call her 'his star, his rose, his nightingale,' as Henry used to call his bride, nor did he say such absurd things to Robert, poor young man! but on the approach of evening, when every one retired from labor, they sat down beside each other on the sofa, took each other by the hand, and talked unceasingly of the best-

ness of to-day or to-morrow, but it was easy to see what confidence he had in her, and how happy this confidence made her! Ah, my child, a conversation like that would be more agreeable to me than an evening passed in a grove of roses!"

"For me, Annamelle," I said to her, "I should like to be happy both in the grove of roses, and in the little saloon, too!"

"You are not far wrong, my child. Well, that may happen; but I think that happiness in marriage is something like a grain of wheat; if you merely play with it, without serious cultivation, it dies very soon; but if you prepare a good ground for it, and nurse it zealously, it swells and grows beneath the good God's sun, and bears blessed fruits."

"Our old master lived to see many happy days; when he looked at the husband and wife, he seemed so glad and content, and often secretly made me a sign to observe them; at that time, I was often of the family circle."

"And the beautiful Rosalie!" I asked. (You know, Julia, that she was my grandmother.) "I wanted to find out if I resembled her a little."

"Rosalie? ah, that ended sadly. She did not understand economy, and always spent more than she got. When she made soup, she put cake instead of bread into it, to give it a better flavor. My young master assisted them as much as he could, but their ship went to pieces. At last, there was no way to avoid misfortune; Henry became a bankrupt like his father-in-law, and came to live here with his wife and son. (Annamelle always forgets that this son was my own father!) Ah, dear child, God grant that you may never hear such hard words from a husband's mouth as the poor Rosalie was obliged to hear! Nothing was left of the grove of roses, except the thorns."

"Henry obtained a bookkeeper's place. Rosalie remained here, and Louise was a good and faithful sister to her. This beautiful young woman certainly had an excellent disposition; she became much more reasonable, and began, with good will, to learn everything she was capable of learning. The wife and husband lived together subsequently; things went much better then, but Madame Rosalie did not live very long."

"And thus the fate of Leash was a happier one than that of the beautiful Rachel."

#### TENTH LETTER.

Since I have heard Annamelle's story, I look with a very different eye on the old couple, and I only now understand the sweet peace and happy union of their hearts. I am sorry to think that my father was so much estranged from my excellent uncle, but I understand that the latter, after having done so much for my father and grandfather, was dissatisfied with a marriage, contracted without his consent; and my excellent father seems to have had rather a violent temper."

"But my uncle certainly makes compensation in his affection for me; they show me every possible kindness here, and since I have heard my great-uncle's story, I would do anything to please her. She begins to have more confidence in my talent for housekeeping, and she has even told me confidentially that she feels she is growing old, and that she would willingly resign a part of her power to younger hands. No doubt Cousin Tobias will find, some fine day, the daughter of a registrar, his ideal, with fifteen sisters, and will bring her into the family!"

"Our French lesson hour continues to pass very agreeably, and I always learn more from my pupil, than he does from me."

"Now that you have learned part of the family genealogy from Annamelle and me, you would doubtless like to know about Tobias's origin. He is the son of my great-uncle's only daughter (two sons died young). The daughter was called Louise, like her mother; she was the eldest, and her birth took place a year after my great-uncle's illness. She was not very pretty, and she had not so much talent for housekeeping as her mother, but she was a good, gay, pious creature. It appeared a singular thing, to this simple, quiet family, that the young lady should fall in love with a young officer who had resided in her parents' house for some time."

"My great-uncle would not hear of this marriage, but my great-aunt wished that her daughter might enjoy that greatest happiness of youth, the pleasure of being beloved, (which she had not at first enjoyed, herself!) and so my great-uncle gave his consent, to please her."

"The young soldier determined to abandon the military profession, and to plant cabbages with his father-in-law. But this calm happiness was but of short duration. At the time of the war of deliverance, he left his young wife, with her parents' consent, hoping to return home soon. But it was otherwise decreed. He fell at Waterloo, before his son had seen the light. Louise did not long survive the birth of her child. 'Poor orphan,' she said, in dying. 'May God send an angel to guide these little Tobias, since my father and mother have left them!' And so my cousin was christened Tobias. I can no longer laugh at his name, and when he told me that he had never pressed a father's hand, or looked on a mother's smile, I was ready to cry. To be an orphan! that must fill the heart with an eternal melancholy!"

"And thus my great-aunt's quiet eyes have already shed many tears, but the inward bliss she has found in marriage, has become deeper on account of these trials."

"When I am married—(do not laugh, Julia, for everything is possible in this world!) I shall only ask my husband to love me as tenderly in my old age, and to look at me as kindly as my great-uncle looks at and loves my great-aunt; although he does not address tender speeches to her. But my dreams are nothing but dreams!"

Tobias has told me that he wished to study in order to become a physician; but my great-uncle had such a horror of the University, on account of his poor brother Robert, that he inspired Tobias, with tears, to give

up the idea. So Tobias ardently embraced the career of his grandfather, whose heir he will be. The registrar's daughter will be well able to keep half her fifteen sisters with her!

"But few days must pass before the arrival of my mother and Edward. I think of it with untold delight. Now I can help to make butter; my mother will certainly think it excellent, and I am to cook the first dinner for them, for so my aunt has promised me. And when my mother sees my flower-garden! I can hardly bear to think of the day when we shall leave this house! You cannot do better, dear Julia, than to come soon, and see your country friend."

FANNY.

P. S. Is it then true about Almorin? "Believe no more, my sisters, the vain boasts of men!"

Now, dear heart, I must beg of you to burn all the letters in which I have spoken of him, in even the most indirect manner; bury all—will you not?—in the most profound silence. God be praised that I never spoke one word in his presence, except my answers in the singing class! Once more, let us bury all that."

"Knowest thou why my tomb is so profound? Because, in leaving this dull earth's sad round, There would I bury all this heart once felt, The love, the woe, that once within it dwelt!"

Sincerely, Julia, do you believe that I ever really loved him?

#### ELEVENTH LETTER.

Dear and very dear Julia, my mother and Edward are here, they think I look very well, and we are all so happy together!

"To-day we shall celebrate my great-uncle's birthday in the vine arbor; and another festival also; imagine what!—my betrothal with—with—now I hope God will give me grace to write that name down! Well, with my Cousin Tobias."

Above all, my darling friend, do not pity me, for I gave my consent of my own free will; I think I shall be very happy, for (do not think ill of me for it)—for—I fancy that I love him, and that I never loved any one else; when I accept his hand, I shall do so with the fullest confidence in him as the guide and support of my life."

How did it all happen so suddenly?—Ah, dear heart, it happened very gradually and quietly; when I think that we were once such strangers to each other, almost enemies!—I can hardly understand how it came about. This morning early, I was arranging the arbor for the festival. Tobias came in, and waited some time without speaking, but I saw that he wanted to say something that he found very difficult to utter. Ah, Julia, I had expected it for a long time, in spite of that Sophie and her fifteen sisters! At last he asked me—but I cannot write all that; perhaps I will whisper it in your ear when you come here. Ah, dear Julia, they were

"Harmonious words, enchanting to the ear. Delicious vows, and oaths of deathless love! I am to him the only woman dear, And, while he lives, to me he'll constant prove!"

I did not quite say so; and then I saw a face sparkling with joy, and it seemed as if an endless festival was commencing for me!

But I was very anxious to know how my great-uncle and aunt would receive the news! What a foolish little head like mine, mistress, manageress, and heiress of this estate! They accepted me as a beloved child, with delight. Then we went together to my dear mamma. She wept for joy! Edward is as happy as a king, now that he has a brother-in-law, and can ride the farm-horses."

But we are all too young—or at least I am—Tobias is twenty-six. He is to travel for a year; this was once his dearest wish, but now I think that he would willingly give it up; and during his absence, I, inexperienced child that I am! must acquire the knowledge required of a good mistress of a house. Thank heaven! I shall have a kind and patient guide in my great-aunt."

We made a betrothal visit to Annamelle in her garret. I have made her understand at last, that I am the grand-daughter of Henry and the beautiful Rosalie. She laughed, and cried, and said that I have Rosalie's hair, but Bertha's eyes and heart. However, darling Julia, I think I have my own heart, and very young and joyful is the heart that belongs to your happy friend, FANNY.

P. S.—I have told Tobias all about Almorin, after beseeching him not to laugh too much. He looked at me for a moment with grave, almost sorrowful eyes, (mine were not grave at all!) then began to smile, and said: "Little cousin, can any one come early enough to be a woman's first love?"

Oh, fancy, Tobias is also called Robert, and he allows me to choose between these two names; Robert sounds best, and is the noblest and prettiest; so pray tell my young friends that my betrothed is called Robert!

#### A WOMAN'S LETTER.

##### SIX YEARS LATER.

At last, dear Julia, we may hope to see you among us! Who would have thought that so long a time would elapse before I should receive you in my own house! Come then; you shall have the little room in which I lived when a young girl; but it is more elegant than it was; the window curtain at which I worked so long, is finished at last; I do not really know how or when I finished it, for fancy work is now one of my "buried dreams."

Come and forget the cares of a teacher for a few weeks; if you like, you can keep your educational talent in practice with my little world, that I have unfortunately brought up very badly.

As for me, I have long forgotten my college pedantry; but my children are charming, especially the little boy, who is now trying

to climb my chair; and crying, "Don't be afraid."

I am in a great hurry to-day, my dear, for the potatoes must be planted, and, if I do not superintend the work myself, the roots will be mislaid. Tobias does not understand planting so well as I. I have called him Tobias again for a long time; he never knew to whom I was speaking when I called him Robert, and I gained the heart of—Tobias!

You must look over my wardrobe when you come; I would not dare be seen beyond the limits of our little town; I have no time to think of myself!

You will be obliged to find our house lively, for it now contains three generations. In the upper story, where Annamelle lived in peaceful retreat, my mother has her favorite rooms. Tobias could not have been more amiable and thoughtful than he has been, in arranging and furnishing the rooms so as to please my mother as much as possible. She lives altogether with us, and is very glad that she has not any household cares; her room is a festival place for the children."

On the second floor our grandparents live; they are settled according to the simplicity of their tastes; the old sofa with its dimity cover, and the arm chair covered with black leather; but everything is very convenient around them. Tobias is astonished that grandmother has become so easily habituated to repose, but she says that she likes it very well now. I do not often leave her alone; I climb the stairs about ten times a day, to ask her questions about the house, and our good grandmother, although leading so quiet a life, does more with her wise counsels, than I with my busy hands and feet."

Tobias has had the piano tuned in honor of you, and to celebrate your arrival. I play so seldom now! except for our Sunday morning choral, in which great and small join. My Rosa really has a charming little voice. My guitar strings have been unfortunately taken off; they were so useful to cut soap! The azure blue ribbon has been used to knot on the cradle. But when the children are grown I intend to rub up my old talents, and my French and Italian studies;—I still remember something of Spanish, from time to time. But I have learned how to make admirable butter; I can even milk the cows if it is necessary; but what I have not been able to learn, is—the quiet with which my grandmother used to fulfill her daily tasks; I am still very noisy in all my occupations."

My grandmother thinks that it is because I am younger and gayer, and it is quite certain that she never worked with such vigorous companions as youth and health. When I ask her to tell me the secret of her serenity and calmness, she points to her Bible, placed on the table that stands near the east window. "There is my talisman; I never found a day so occupied, or business so pressing, as to prevent me from devoting a few moments to it in the calm morning hours."

Julia, dear Julia, how much I have yet to learn!

But you must not think that we have become complete peasants, in spite of the profanation of the guitar strings; a good book and a sensible conversation have still a place among us, in the winter season especially, when our little evening circle is augmented by the pastor's society."

Our carriage will meet you; it is no longer the green coach; Tobias bought me a new one on my first birthday after our marriage; but I must confess that we do not often use it. I send you a list of seeds and cuttings at a moderate price, that you will much oblige me by bringing with you; and I should like to have you buy some cheap woollen stuffs for Christmas presents to my servants (one cannot see about these things too soon!) a pretty morning cap for my mother, and some warm slippers for grandmother. But I had better put down the commissions on a separate paper."

What a pity that you cannot see Annamelle! That excellent relic of the oldest generation has now slept for two years in the cemetery where our family already occupies a vast space. She lived two years after the birth of my little Rosa, but this new member of the family completely upset her genealogical recollections. A great-granddaughter of the young and beautiful Rosalie! That was beyond her horizon. But my letter is nearly six pages long! That is a long unheard-of feat for me; I rarely write now, except to the millers and tradesmen."

My little world is making a terrible noise about me. You really come and see how I can manage a country house! And Tobias will tell you how far I have left his ideal behind me! Come soon, dear friend, to your happy FANNY.

As a rather grimly grotesque exhibition of our national propensity for money-making, it is stated that some of our army hospitals are actually embellished with cheering advertisements informing the dying patient on what conditions his body will be embalmed and sent to his friends!

The French forces in Mexico are not so numerous as has been supposed. They do not much exceed twenty-five thousand effective, and it will require constant supplies to keep them up to that number."

Many capitalists, it is said, are purchasing diamonds and jewelry as the best and safest manner in which they can invest their money. Married ladies strongly advise such investments on the part of their husbands."

"Although you count yourself a brighter fellow than I am, yet I can come round you," as the earth said to the sun."

It is a vain thing for you to stick your finger in the water, and pulling it out, look for a hole: it is equally vain to suppose that, however large a space you occupy, the world will miss you when you die."

Few parents like to be told of the faults of a child. The reason is obvious. All faults are either hereditary or educational, and in either case to point a finger at the child, is, indirectly, to reprove the parent."

## THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1862.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

#### JOB PRINTING OFFICE.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST JOB PRINTING OFFICE is prepared to print Books, Pamphlets, Newspapers, Catalogues, Books of Evidence, &c., in a workmanlike manner, and on reasonable terms.

Apply at the Job Office, Number 106 Hudson's Alley, below Chestnut Street. (Hudson's Alley runs southwardly from Chestnut, between Third and Fourth Streets.)

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Our friends who have sent us Clubs, will take notice that we are always pleased to receive additional names to their Clubs, but they must send them at our present rates—as our increased expenses compel us to adhere closely to our new terms.

#### OUR ARMIES.

Doubtless by the time this paper reaches our subscribers, they will have heard in greater or less detail of the successful crossing of the Rappahannock by the Army of the Potomac, and the occupation of Fredericksburg—and it may be, in addition, of great events, which, even as we write this, are in process of accomplishment."

On the 11th, Gen. Burnside, after a furious cannonade, succeeded in throwing his bridges across the river, and taking possession of the front of the town. The 12th was devoted to the crossing of the main body of the army—no small work, as the reader may imagine. This difficult operation of crossing an unfordable stream in the face of an opposing army, was effected with the loss of less than 100 men."

The rebels are reported to have two strong lines of defence, the first one mile, and the second two miles from Fredericksburg. If they do not fall back, there will be a great battle. Burnside is in earnest—and, like Rupert, never goes

"but to conquer or to fall."

The following incident of the bombardment of Fredericksburg, is told by a correspondent of the *Philadelphia Inquirer*:

During the whole of the bombardment, several bands of music were discoursing sweet strains, contrasting strangely with the furious cannonading going on only a short distance to the front. The sweet, simple strain of "The girl I left behind me," mingled with the reverberating thunder from the numerous batteries."

In the West and Southwest, affairs do not appear to have materially altered since our last issue. Banks's expedition is now generally admitted to have gone either to Mobile or to Texas. It is generally supposed to be the latter place. If it has, the rebellion, it is probable, will before many months be effectually crushed west of the Mississippi river."

#### WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

A writer in the *Home Journal*—N. P. Willis, we suppose—gives the following account of a recent visit to a friend in the Fifth Avenue:—

Calling at one of the largest and finest residences in that sumptuous part of the city, we found one or two private carriages at the door, and some appearances of a "reception." Asking for the lady of the house, we were shown into the library, and after a few moments of waiting, had our accustomed privilege of an interview—finding that we had very nearly been an intruder, however, on a gathering of ladies only! The locality made this very significant. The fair hostess is a ruling spirit of the intellectual and artistic society of New York, and her magnificent residence would be the most propitious cradle for any new social enterprise, the most favorable starting point for any grand plan or problem of manners or morals. And here were gathered fifteen or twenty of the most influential ladies of the city, to listen privately to a lecture, from a celebrated woman, on the superiority of the female sex! Her argument was a most learned one, based upon the analogous laws of plants and animals; and she proved, (most satisfactorily to her audience, we understood,) that, from the greater number and greater importance of her functions, woman was a superior destiny, or, ought to be, according to her philosophy, altogether secondary!"

We shall doubtless hear more of this. It sounds to us a little bit revolutionary, we must own, however, and we may be called to account for telling this much of the secret. But it is strikingly in accordance with various other indications of the growing consequence of woman, just now, in this country, and we give it to the reader, as a chance observation, for what it is worth."

And so our lady reformers, having contended for a time for equality, are now about to change their ground, and boldly claim a superiority over the male sex. Let us imagine the heads of their argument.

1. The very name of woman, as some sharp-witted feminine already has discerned—Woman; double u, o, man.

2. The name evil—Eve-ill—what works Eve (or woman) ill. Woman being so important that the cause of all woe is doing ill by her—not treating her with due consideration, failing to provide her with proper maintenance, spending money, &c.

3. The creation of woman. Adam was made out of the dust of the earth—or, as the negro said, the mud, "because dust would not stick together"—while Eve was created out of one of Adam's spare-ribs. Now as a dinner of mud is to a dinner of spare-ribs, so is the flesh of man to that of woman. While all flesh is as grass, the woman's is thus as the flower of the grass. This explains why women have generally a finer color in their

cheeks than men, as also why woman is called the flower of the creation."

4. The admission of all the poets—the highest order of men—as to the superiority of the female sex; they using towards women constantly such designations as sylphs, fairies, angels, peris, and other names denoting superiority to the mere earthly nature which men are acknowledged to possess. Burns even says, of nature:—

"Her pretence has she tried on man, And then she made the lazes o."

5. The general admission of husbands that their wives are "the better half."

6. The fact that as civilization advances, woman becomes more and more an object of admiration and honor. Civilization is now at a certain point, and woman is already considered equal to man. Of course it is a fair inference that when civilization reaches a much higher point, it will be universally admitted that woman is superior to man, and men will enthroned her like the queen-bee in the hive, working continually to feed her on the sweetest and daintiest honey of the world."

7. Woman already controls the earth. Men may be great statesmen and monarchs, but a pretty woman can always wind them round her finger. Look at Louis Napoleon now, and see how that slender Eugene has made him alter his whole policy regarding Rome. Look at England, ruled by a Queen. Look at Old Abe, and note how Mrs. Lincoln—but we remember Fort Lafayette, and prudently forbear. All men are controlled by women, but few men like to admit it."

We could say more, but in mercy to our masculine readers we refrain. For our own part, we "acknowledge the corn"—though that of course is just where every man's shoe pinches. Woman rules "the court, the camp, the grove." The superior creature—of course she is. See what fools orators, statesmen, soldiers, monarchs—even editors—make of themselves in order to gain the favor of some little creature whose only merit is that she is pretty and a woman. Adam goes out of Paradise with Eve, rather than stay in Eden without her. His descendants are doing the same every day, and hour, and minute. Woman holds out the forbidden fruit, and man always eats—though he is fully conscious all the time of what he is doing. But it is human nature—that is, man nature. Woman is the superior being, and man follows her track into the thorns and thistles, into purgatory, into the fiery furnace itself. And, granting all this, woman, one of these days, either will have a pretty long roll of evil things to answer for, or else there is but very little justice for Adam and his sons on the other side of Jordan."

#### BRIBERY AND CORRUPTION.

Probably few persons know what inducements are continually held out to editors and publishers, to persuade them to swerve from the straight line of their duty in regard to the public good and a correct literature. For instance, here we have a letter before us, accompanying a piece of poetry, from a young lady—whose name we think best to omit—offering, in case we publish her poetry (not without), to subscribe for *THE POST*—not in "a club"—but as a single subscriber—and to send us "2 dollars in gold!" Two dollars, and "in gold"—could any temptation be greater in these days of paper and adhesive pocket plasters!

And yet we have to steel our heart, and decline the tempting proposition. For, although the "poetry" is not entirely destitute of merit, we do not like to insert in *THE POST* such a rhyme as "grove" and "loved." Besides, we are unable to find the word "bosom" in the Dictionary; and though the author may have meant to write *bosom*, yet, if she did, she certainly could not have thought that *bosom* rhymes with "bosom," which "bosom," whatever else may be said against its use, certainly does.

In view of these objections—trivial as our lady correspondent doubtless will consider them—we are forced to decline her proposition, and the "2 gold dollars." But, as one good turn deserves another, we now offer, on our part, that if she will send us "2 dollars"—not in gold, but in Uncle Sam's treasury notes, we will not only send her *THE POST* regularly for a year, but two or three copies extra of the present paper."

#### RED HAIR.

A burlesque marriage advertisement sets forth that its writer is open to proposals from young ladies and widows of more than average respectability, tolerably tame in disposition, with hair of any color but red.

Hair of "any color but red!" Probably the writer of the burlesque alluded to, knew well that ladies whose hair is red generally have too much intelligence and too high a spirit to "stand any nonsense," and consequently that they would not be at all apt to reply to a marriage advertisement."

We know very well that red hair is not popular nowadays. But let those of our lady readers who are blessed with locks of any shade of red or auburn, remember that the age has been when such hair was voted the true celestial color. Not only the auburn, or reddish brown, but even a more decided shade of red, have always been the favorite colors of the poets. And for our part, we are free to confess that we think many of the shades of red in hair very beautiful indeed. It is a little singular, however, that red hair is so very seldom found on this side of the ocean, in conjunction with a beautiful face—though very frequently in connection with a well rounded, beautiful form. We are inclined to think that the common prejudice against red hair in this country, has its origin in the fact alluded to, that the possessors of such hair are so generally homely, and often positively ugly. When, however, a beautiful shade of red crowns, as it occasionally does, a face and form of truly angelic mould, the effect is the production of one of the highest types of female beauty."



## A FAIR HIT.

The last number of *Punch* has a cartoon embodying the feeling of England on the "mediation" question. Palmerston stands, hands in pockets, while Napoleon, pointing over his shoulder, across the water, where Americans are making war, addresses him: "I say, hadn't we better tell our friend there to leave off making a fool of himself?" and Palmerston, the proverbially judicious bottle-holder, significantly answers, "If'n, well, suppose you talk to him yourself? He is a great admirer of yours, you know."

Yes, we have seen that cartoon, and, however much we have disliked the course of *Punch* recently, the engraving in question is a fair hit, "a palpable hit." We trust our friends and fellow citizens will now know Louis Napoleon for what he really is—the friend of himself first, of France second (as a portion of himself), and of everybody, and all noble and liberal principles, just as far as they tend to the selfish interests of himself and Empire.

For our own part, our readers know that *THE POST* has never been deluded by the shining silver veil of success into believing the Emperor of France the Great Apostle of Human Liberty and Progress. Through the whole Italian war we believed him to be what Garibaldi now says he is—and what all Italy now believes him to be. His present movements in Mexico menace the independence of every American state and nation. He has, in fact, already thrown down the gauntlet of war to this great Continent—and he knows it. There is no fouler and blacker side to the present rebellion, than that it in fact plays—however unintentionally—into the hands of the European enemies of the rights and interests of every man on this side of the Atlantic. Without that causeless and wicked rebellion, never would Americans have been compelled to witness such insults as the actual interference of Louis Napoleon in Mexico, and the continual menacing intervention of France and England in our own affairs. Oh the unspeakable humiliation of these things! That, by the folly of the very men who have always professed to feel most sensitively any stigma upon the American name, a whole Continent should thus be forced into the patient endurance of the most humiliating wrongs. And these rebel leaders, dead to every feeling of American pride and honor, are absolutely ignoring that European intervention which would prostrate the whole Western Hemisphere at the feet of a small portion of Europe. Asia is down in the dust, and Africa grovels in her arid sands, and now the great Americas are to be prostrated, and reaped like a rich harvest by these scheming and selfish Powers of Europe. Oh, the shame, the unspeakable shame of this generation, if it ever allows such a thing to come to pass; and shame, utter shame to the rebellion that invites and even implores such a consummation, and is willing to attain a suicidal success at the sacrifice not only of this Union, but of the whole Continent.

## "MY MARYLAND."

German officers assert that the air to which that gush of rebel sentiment is adapted is by no means original, but borrowed from a poetic effusion in their language, entitled—"Don't hug me now—some other time."

"Don't hug me now—some other time," is just the song "My Maryland" needed when the rebel hosts recently paid her a visit—She did not mind being hugged by the "chivalry" in a general way—under certain conditions she could have enjoyed it—but just at that time she had several objections to the hugging process. In the first place, "My Maryland" is a little sensitive to foul smells and ugly sights, and the rebels were rather too dirty and too ragged to make the hugging process at all agreeable. Besides, they did not come with the honest matrimonial colors, the red, the white, and the blue. Altogether, "My Maryland" felt like singing, and her fair daughters doubtless would have sung if they had had the words, "Don't hug me now—some other time."

A New Book.—Mr. Henry Morford, of New York, has a book in course of publication, with the somewhat long title of "Spruce and Splashes; or, Droll Recollections of Town and Country. A Book for Railroad Riders and Odd Half-hours." The collection will embrace many of the humorous sketches of personal adventure and observation, which have appeared in the New York *Atlas* and other papers during the last five years, under the title of "Droll Recollections;" while a number of the sketches have been written expressly for this volume.

The same writer has in hand a novel of New York life and society in war time, called "Shoulder-Straps," in which he has the advantage of a capital title and plenty of material; and which will probably follow the other volume before the close of the winter.

As Mr. Morford is one of the corps editorial, of course his books, whatever faults they may have, will be at least lively and readable.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE LIFE OF EDWARD IRVING, Minister of the Scotch National Church, London. Illustrated by his Journals and Correspondence. By Mrs. OLIPHANT. Published by Harper & Bros., New York. For sale by J. R. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

In this interesting and truthful record of the life of a very remarkable man, Mrs. Oliphant has done a better work, and one which will probably be a more enduring monument of her genius than all her novels, captivating as many of them are. Her hero is worthy of his biographer, and the love and reverence with which she portrays his character are worthy of her subject; a rare concatenation. With the name of Edward Irving we are most of us acquainted in such an obscure way as we have gathered from occasional allusions to him as a fantastic visionary, wonderfully successful as an orator for a time, but soon falling to disgrace and neglect. The time has now come for us better to understand and reverence him.

Edward Irving was born in the year 1793 in the town of Annan in Scotland, of parents

humble in station, and not specially noted in any way which might foreshadow their remarkable son. He was educated at the Edinburgh University, where his bent was chiefly to mathematics and the exact sciences, and afterwards taught a village school at Kirkcaldy, preparing himself meanwhile by theological studies for the station of a minister in the Scottish National Church, to which position he felt himself called by an impulse so strong as to admit no question from himself or others.

His ordination took place at last, and then there intervened a time of trial when no "call" opened to him the opportunity to enter on his vocation. This period was ended by his being engaged as an assistant by the celebrated Dr. Chalmers, then in the height of his wonderful popularity and usefulness. During the two years spent thus in Glasgow his preaching seems to have made little impression on his hearers, much less than that created by his peculiar appearance and manner. His striking and handsome face, only marred by an unfortunate obliquity of vision; his stature far above the ordinary height of men (of which, and of his great personal strength Mrs. Oliphant shows her feminine admiration continually); his strange quaint style of address, more like that of an early apostle than of a modern Scottish minister; his greeting, "Peace be unto this house" whenever he passed a threshold, are all remembered there. At the end of two years he received a call to a small church in Histon Garden, London, and went thither to commence the career which has made his name famous. He became the fashion. The nobility, beauty, and fashion of London poured every Sunday to the little chapel where he preached, wedged their carriages together in his narrow streets, and struggled for admission to its precincts. It was an unprecedented storm of popularity which might well have turned the head of an ordinary man; it does not appear to have ever had this effect on Irving. The story of the absolute fervor which attended his preaching has tended to make us attach a suspicion of charlatanism to the man who created it, than which no judgment ever erred more widely from the truth. Whatever else this man was, he was genuine—that above all else. His whole soul was devoted to the service of God, and through that to his fellow men, and all the sweet and gracious affections of his daily life flowed through this channel. Never has it been our fortune to read such a record as that of the journal written to comfort his wife during her necessary absence from him while both their hearts were newly wrung by the loss of their first and best beloved son, little Edward. The struggles and aspirations of a deep spiritual life, the unceasing labors carried on in a fervent self-abnegation which is indeed apostolic, are recorded side by side with the most homely and tenderly familiar details of his daily life, and with expressions of such deep and devoted love for his suffering wife, for the little babe who had come to comfort them in their bereavement, and for the dearly loved child just taken away whose memory went with him everywhere, that the heart of every reader must yearn with affectionate sympathy for this husband, this father, this Christian minister. This journal is the heart of Mrs. Oliphant's book, and the true key to the character of its writer.

In all this time Irving's religious opinions had been settling and gravitating more and more strongly to certain points on which some opposition soon began to be manifested toward him in the Scottish Church, assuming a form ever more decided, bitter, and personal, as time went on. On the merits of this controversy his biographer declares herself determined not to argue, but she states it very fully, especially on Irving's side, as is to be expected. The first and greatest point of departure between the tenets held by himself and his brethren may be stated in the technical language of their communion as whether Christ was born into the nature of Adam before or after the fall—that is to say, whether He took upon Him flesh unpolluted by hereditary evil, pure, holy, and undefiled in its very original nature, as well as by constraint of the Spirit; or whether He indeed shared and redeemed the frailty of our flesh, and was in the literal sense of the Apostle's words "tried and tempted as we." Irving, from the depth of his heart, embraced the latter belief, holding it as the very centre and basis of his faith, and meeting the outcries against his "impious doctrine of the sinfulness of Christ's human nature" with such impassioned words as these—

"I do believe that my Lord did come down and toll, and sweat, and sorrow, in this mass of temptation with which I and every sinful man are oppressed; did bring His Divine presence into death-possessed humanity, into the one substance of manhood created in Adam, and by the Fall brought into a state of resistance and alienation from God; and bearing it all upon His shoulders did suffer His sorrow and pains, and swimming in anguish, its darkness, wasteness, disconsolation, and hiddenness from the countenance of God; and by His faith and patience did win for Himself the name of the Man of Sorrows, and the author and finisher of our faith."

In various ages of the Christian Church there have been crises of great upheaval and overturning when spiritual-minded men, impressed by the sense of the ever-increasing nearness of the Humanity of the Lord to hand, have declared the second Advent at hand. Such an impression and expectation pervaded many minds in the second and third decades of this century; and such a belief, amounting to settled conviction, now began to actuate Irving's ministerial course. From the time that his teachings pointed specially in this direction, the breach between himself and his former brethren-in-belief became wider, till in the year 1831, the last link was severed, and the Church of Scotland formally disowned Edward Irving from their communion. Amid the intense suffering caused him by these proceedings, by the defection of many tried and valued friends, and by family afflictions and bereavements, other influences were at work

PROSPECTUS FOR 1863.  
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The Publishers of *THE POST* take pleasure in announcing that their literary arrangements for the coming year are of a character to warrant them in promising a feast of good things to their thousands of readers. Among the contributors to *THE POST* we may now mention the following distinguished authors:—

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Author of "THE EARL'S HEIR," "EAST LYNN," "THE CHANNINGS," &amp;c.

MARION HARLAND,

Author of "ALONE," "THE HIDDEN PATH," "MIRIAM," &amp;c.

EDMUND KIRKE,

Author of "AMONG THE PINES,"

AND

VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND,

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to which he turned for comfort and assistance.

In churches where the belief in the near approach of the second Advent was preached, it became a part of the order of worship to pray that the miraculous gifts granted to the first age of the Christian Church might be restored to this. Private meetings for fasting and prayer were held with this one end in view. At last came what appeared to be the answer to their petitions. A certain Mary Campbell, living on the banks of the Clyde in Scotland, a girl whose saintly reputation made her a marked character in the district, began, in a manner that appeared like supernatural possession, to speak in an unknown tongue. James Macdonald, from the opposite side of the river, proclaimed himself inspired by the Holy Ghost, and in his power commanded his bedridden and apparently dying sister, to "arise and be healed," and she rose and resumed her place in the household. Mary Campbell herself was raised from the last stages of decline, by the same mandate. Elizabeth Fancourt, pronounced by physicians a cripple, without hope of cure, declared herself miraculously healed; and the number of those receiving the gift of "the tongues," increased day by day.

In the congregation of the chapel in Histon Garden, the news of these marvels created a new excitement. The daily prayerful solicitation for the miraculous gifts became more urgent, and no long time elapsed till "the tongues" spoke forth among them too. As Irving had no scruples in praying that these manifestations might be given them, (and here, we think, was the dangerous point of departure from the simplicity of his self-renewal,) so he had no doubt when the answer of the supplications appeared to be given. He conscientiously persisted, however, in "trying the spirits," trying them by the test of their acknowledgment of the Holy Name, not by the Lord's infallible test of use,—the "fruit" by which the tree is to be known.

It is sad to follow this story to the end, through the unseemly confusions of the new authorities who claimed to be elevated above human ordinances,—the speakers of "the tongues," to whom Irving gave implicit obedience. The church was remodelled, the receivers of the new manifestations taking their departure from the older conservatives who looked upon them with aversion or fear. Irving went with them, no longer their authoritative teacher; but as one less favored than "the prophets" and subject to continual checks and reproofs from their inspired voices. Nothing can be more touching than the humility with which he descended from his lofty station to this low place; the earnest simplicity of belief in their assumptions with which this lofty intellect bowed his neck to their yoke. Even when degraded for a season from his office of minister, he took his seat meekly among them, lamenting his own unworthiness which prevented his receiving such gifts as they. But surely the Lord's love towards His faithful servant was never more clearly shown than in withholding him from the dominion of these manifestations which, even if spiritual, were clearly so far from Divine; and in imparting to him no share of their apparent benefits.

The forced inaction imposed upon him by the mandate of "the voices" was a severe trial to his nature; the almost superhuman labors that had preceded it. The idle sword fretted away the scabbard. Weary with his long, rough journey, his manifold trials, he sank beneath them at last, and died in the

year 1834, giving utterance with his last breath to the conviction which through all afflictions had sustained him with an inward peace beyond what the world can give:—"I live, I live unto the Lord, and if I die, I die unto the Lord. Amen."

## NUTSHELL FRAMES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

MR. EDITOR:—In reading the last number of your paper, I find that a correspondent wishes a receipt for making nutshell frames. I have some experience in this kind of fancy work, but whether I can do so well at putting the directions on paper, I do not know. I have but little knowledge and less practice in composition; but if I can drop any hints on this subject worth a place in your paper, and of any use to your readers, they are welcome to them.

The best shape for these frames is that of an ellipse, though it must be governed by the outline of the picture, or whatever is to be thus framed. The large-sized photographs will generally correspond with this shape. The easiest way that I have found to draw these figures is this: Draw a straight line upon any plain surface, and upon this mark the width you want the ellipse. Next set your dividers at half the length you intend to make it, and draw a circle or part of one from the middle of each side—that is, the points upon the line which you made to indicate its width. The two places where the circles intersect show you the foci. Into each of these fix a common pin, and tie a thread between them, the length of the figure. Into the double of this place your pencil, and make a mark as far out all round as the thread will permit, and the ellipse is complete. In fixing the thread make a little allowance for knots and the size of your pencil, or it will be too short. It can be done in less time than I have taken to tell it. It is a somewhat curious fact that we cannot draw two ellipses by this rule, one within the other, that will be parallel.

It is best to draw the inside edge of the frame at the proper distance from the picture by this rule, and the outer one with a gauge at the distance of two or two and a half inches, according to the size of the frame. As to the frame itself, if it be not too large, it may be sawed out of a single board. A piece of canvas, wet with glue, and laid on where it comes across the grain, would prevent its splitting. If the frame be large, it should be made of about four pieces of board, halved together at the ends and put up with glue. I generally use half-inch bass, but white pine, poplar, or some other kind of wood, will do as well. The inside must be rabbited out from the back, to make a place for the picture, leaving about an eighth of an inch thickness in front. Lay your glass in first, then your picture, and finally a piece of binder's board, or wood, sawed thin, of the same size as the glass. To keep the picture in position, it can be secured by tacks around the edges.

It is best to leave these things out until the work on the frame is completed. Some make these frames by cutting out a piece of paste-board as large as the outside of the frame, and pasting the picture on its back in the middle of this, with the glass over it, and the work around the sides extending a little over the glass, to secure it. As to materials, I use pine cones—some of them whole, and some cut up; some kinds of acorns, mostly those of the dwarf or grub oak; buttonwood balls, beech nuts, and the burrs they grow in, and

the cones of the double spruce, hemlock, and some other evergreens. If the reader will look near the ends of small branches of the pine, he will find a large bud which makes next year's cone. This makes a very good ornament.

Your correspondent wishes to know something too of the mode of varnishing this kind of work when completed. In the first place, after it is hardened, take a bit of broken glass and scrape off all bits of pitch, threads of glue, &c. Then take furniture varnish, mixed with an equal quantity of turpentine, and give it two or three light coats with a small paint or varnish brush. I fear I have trespass too much upon your space already, so I will close.

L. E.

## LATEST NEWS.

## BATTLE OF FREDERICKSBURG.

Sumner's Division Attempts to Storm the Enemy, but Fails.

## FRANKLIN'S DIVISION CARRIES HIS POSITION.

## The Federal Troops Rest on the Battle Field.

## Two Pennsylvania Generals Killed.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

Headquarters in the Field, Saturday, 11 A. M.—The morning opened with a dense fog, which has not yet entirely disappeared. Gen. Reynolds' corps, on the left advanced at an early hour, and at 7.15 engaged the enemy's infantry; seven minutes after the rebels opened a heavy fire of artillery, which has continued so far without interruption. The artillery fire must be at random, as the fog obstructs all view.

Our heavy guns are answering them rapidly. As the sun gets higher, it is hoped that the fog will lift. At this writing no results are known. Not much infantry has, as yet, become engaged.

A portion of the enemy's cavalry crossed a ford above here and yesterday was found on our right rear. A sufficient force has been sent out to meet them.

Headquarters of the Army of the Potomac, Saturday, Dec. 13.—Reynolds.—The fog began to disappear at 11 o'clock this morning, affording an unobstructed view of our own and the enemy's position. It being evident that the first ridge of hills, in the rear of the city, on which the enemy had his guns posted behind earthworks, could not be carried except by a charge of infantry, Gen. Sumner assigned that duty to Gen. Franklin's division, supported by Gen. Howard's.

The troops advanced to the works at ten minutes before 12 o'clock, at a brisk run. The enemy's guns opened a rapid fire upon them.

When within musket range of the ridge they were met by a terrible fire from the rebel infantry, who were posted behind a stone wall and some houses on the right of the line. This checked their advance, and they fell back to a small ravine, but not out of musket range.

At this time another body of troops moved to the assistance in splendid style, notwithstanding the gaps made in their ranks by the fire of the rebel artillery.

When they arrived at the first line they advanced in double quick time, and, with a command of "fixed bayonets," endeavored to dislodge the rebels from their hiding places. The concentrated fire of artillery and infantry which they were forced to face was too much, and the centre gave way in disorder, but were afterwards rallied and brought back.

From that time the fire was spiritedly continued, and never ceased until some time after darkness set in this evening.

Gen. Franklin, who commanded the attack on the left, met with better success. He succeeded, after a hard day's fight, in driving the enemy about one mile.

At one time the rebels advanced to attack, but they were handsomely repulsed with terrible slaughter, and a loss of between four and five hundred prisoners, belonging to Gen. A. P. Hill's command.

Gen. Franklin's movement was directed down the river, and his troops are encamped to-night not far from the Massaponox creek.

Our troops sleep to-night where they fought to-day.

The dead and wounded are being carried from the field of battle to-night.

FREDERICKSBURG, Dec. 13, A. M.—It is ascertained that the rebel force is nearly 200,000 strong. Jackson commands the rebel force, extending from Guinea's Station to Port Royal. Longstreet has the centre, extending from Guinea's Station to the telegraph road. Lee and Stuart are on the left.

A despatch dated last night, says: General Franklin's line was moved forward at sunrise with his right resting on Fredericksburg, his centre advanced a mile from the river and his left resting on the river three miles below. Skirmishing commenced about day light on the left. Soon after a rebel battery opened on our lines, and the 9th New York militia was ordered to charge, but after a fierce struggle, was compelled to retire.

The remainder of the brigade, under Gen. Tyler, then charged the enemy's guns, when the fight became general on the extreme left, Generals Mead and Gibbons' divisions encountered the right of Gen. A. P. Hill's command.

The cannonading was terrific, though our troops suffered but little from the enemy's artillery.

Gradually the fight extended round to the right, and Gen. Howe's division went into the fight followed by Gen. Brooks' division.

About 10 o'clock Gen. Sumner's troops engaged the enemy back of the city, since which the battle raged furiously along the whole line, the enemy occupying the woods and hills, and having a much more advantageous position, but were driven back on their right a mile and a half early in the day.

Gen. Gibbons was relieved by Gen. Doubleday and Gen. Meade by Gen. Stoneman. Afterwards Gen. Newton's division moved round to the support of the left, when the firing ceased for a short time, and broke out with greater fierceness on the centre, where our troops were exposed to a plunging fire from the enemy's guns and earthworks on the hill along the whole line. The battle has been fierce all day, with great loss to both sides.

To-night each army holds its first position, except a slight advance on our left. The cannonading is still going on, and the musketry breaks out at intervals quite fiercely.

Gen. Bayard was struck in the hip by a solid shot while conversing with Gen. Franklin. His right leg was amputated, and afterwards died. Gen. Jackson, of the Pennsylvania reserves, was killed.

Gen. Vinton, Gibbons, Kimball, Meagher, and Caldwell were wounded.

Several hundred prisoners were taken, who report that Gen. Lee's entire army is in the vicinity.

Gen. Hill's troops started down the river this morning, but returned.

Gen. Franklin was opposed to-night by Gen. Jackson.

It is impossible to form an accurate idea of the loss on either side. The firing is still going on, rendering it extremely difficult to remove the killed and wounded.

The city suffered terribly from the rebel artillery, and it is crowded with our troops, the front extending but a short distance beyond.

About dusk our forces occupied the crest of the hill occupied by the rebels, driving them from their position with slaughter.

This evening the rebels have been driving Fredericksburg, endeavoring to drive our troops out, but without success.

General Burnside is in the city, personally directing the operations.

Gen. Marshall now commands a division, and Col. Cutler, of Michigan, commands his late brigade.

Hagerstown, Sunday, Dec. 14.—No fog to-day, and the sun is shining brightly, with a strong breeze. At daylight this morning there was a heavy fire of artillery and infantry in front of the first line of works, where Gen. Sumner and Hooker were engaged yesterday.

The fire slackened about an hour afterwards, and there was heard only at intervals small arms. The same occurred in front of Gen. Franklin's position down the river.

The object of both parties was evidently to feel the position of the other.

During last night and this forenoon the rebels have considerably extended their works and strengthened their position. Large bodies of troops are now to be seen where but few were found yesterday.

Our dead which were killed yesterday, while charging in front of the enemy's works, still remain where they fell. When attempting their removal last night, the rebels would open with infantry. The wounded have all been removed from the field, and all the dead removed are now being buried.

Washington, Dec. 16.—A. M.—Up to midnight no intelligence of importance had been received from the Army of the Potomac.

The taking of several rifle pits on Saturday evidently gave rise to the reports of the first line of the enemy's works having been taken.

It is thought here that only about 40,000 of our troops were engaged in the battle of Saturday.

Gentlemen in high public positions repeat the assertion, as coming from Gen. Burnside, that he has men enough, and therefore desires no further reinforcements.

MISCELLANEOUS.

On Saturday, Colonel Wynkoop, 7th Pennsylvania cavalry, made a dash into the town of Franklin, in Tennessee, and destroyed several rebel flour mills and other buildings. They retired with the loss of one man and brought away 12 prisoners.

The troops at Newbern, N. C., were making preparations for a movement on the 10th inst. Twelve regiments have left Newbern. It is supposed, with the intention of attacking Weldon or Petersburg. Two transports and five gunboats have ascended the Chowan river, and a force of 10,000 men were seen in motion from Suffolk, indicating a move on Weldon. A large Federal force is reported to have landed in Gates county.

Gov. Brown, of Georgia, has seized nearly \$400,000 worth of goods belonging to merchants in Augusta, for the use of the rebel army, to be paid for at reasonable rates. The event caused much excitement.

Three Indian regiments are now in the service of the government under Gen. Hunt. A brigade of loyal redskins will be formed.

Gen. Banks at Winton, N. C.

BANKS, PECK AND FOSTER UNITED A MOVE ON WELDON AND PETERSBURG.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 14.—Gen. Banks has landed with 20,000 men at Winton, North Carolina, near the headquarters of the Chowan river. He has assumed command of the army of the Blackwater, consisting of three *armes*, forming a grand division of the army.

Gen. Banks is already advancing, having formed a junction with our troops at Suffolk and Newbern.

Banks evidently designs moving on Weldon, Petersburg, and Richmond.

JEFF. DAVIS GONE WEST.—Davis is said to have gone West, and a battle near Nashville is daily expected. At Murfreesboro he addressed the rebels, telling them that the critical moment in the history of the Confederacy had arrived. He had left the issue in Virginia in the hands of that able General, Robert E. Lee, which was the best he could do. In the Southwest his presence was most needed now.

EDITORIAL DELIGHTS.—If an editor omits anything, he is lazy. If he speaks of things as they are, people get angry. If he glances over or smooths down the rough points, he is bribed. If he calls things by their proper names, he is unfit for the position of an editor. If he does not furnish his readers with jokes, he is a mullet. If he does, he is a rattlehead, lacking stability. If he condemns the wrong, he is a good fellow, but lacks discretion. If he lets wrong and injuries go unmentioned, he is a coward. If he exposes a public man, he does it to gratify spite—the tool of a clique, or belongs to the "outs." If he indulges in personalities, he is a blackguard; if he does not, his paper is dull and insipid.

How can children who are treated well at home fail to appreciate that home, and hold in tenderest regard those parents who make that home so precious? Every noble principle, every sacred feeling, every dear light that ever clustered around that fireside, stands in their minds, close linked in bonds of sweetness with a father's kindness and a mother's care.

The name of "Cut-throat Lane" is often applied to secluded by-ways in England. The term is a perversion of "Cut-through Lane," applied in old times to short and somewhat unfrequented routes.

The additional cost of the newspaper may partly, if not wholly, be saved in the increased price paid for rags. Let housewives carefully save their rags and waste paper, and they will be able to pay for their paper as easily as at former rates.

A cabman may give you all sorts of insolence, and make off before you have had time to take his number; or you may not have a pencil about you. In Paris, the driver must hand you a ticket on which his number is inscribed, when he takes you up. The introduction of that plan would be a great improvement here.

In a chamber at Salisbury, N. H., were recently found 1,500 pounds of old papers and pamphlets, which sold at the paper mill for \$75. The present is a golden moment for the sale of all such rubbish.



## MY PET THAT WAS.

BY WILLIAM WINTER.

I.  
Slow stealing through the twilight haze,  
A cloud of chamber-droppeth e'er me;  
I dream to-night of other days,  
As many a fool has done before me.  
And from the crowd of phantoms there,  
One sweet, pale face looks out above me—  
Alas, the flower I used to wear!  
Alas, the heart that used to love me!

II.  
Your eyes were gray when last we met—  
I wonder if they're any grayer!  
I used to pray to them, my pet,  
But now I'm nothing of a prayer.  
Your voice, I think, was very sweet—  
'Twould sound to-night a great deal sweeter!  
And oh, the hours were very fast,  
Told gently off by Love's reposter.

III.  
Your heart was hardly true, my pet—  
I cannot say that mine was truer;  
For I, who used to woo, forgot  
Sometimes that e'er I've been a wooer.  
But you forgot your vow, my pet,  
Even in the moment when you gave it!  
So it was idle to regret  
The sorry chance that did not save it.

IV.  
I think I never saw you sad—  
They tell me that you still are sorry;  
With eyes that sparkle, gay and glad,  
And lips that have the tint of cherry:  
That all your pretty, winning ways,  
So arch and wayward, wild and wilful,  
Remain as in the golden days—  
Except that you have grown more skilful.

V.  
Fads, gentle vision, from my sight!  
I do not trust—I do not doubt you:  
But I am happier to-night,  
My darling little pet, without you!  
I warrant me you have no lack  
Of lovers now to tease and worry;  
So could I call the old days back,  
I wouldn't do it in a hurry.

## THE GREAT DESERT OF SAHARA.

No portion of the earth's surface is so remarkable as that vast sandy desert, which, commencing near the Atlantic Ocean, stretches across the whole continent of Africa, and intersected by the Nile, the Red Sea, and the Persian Gulf, extends eastwards to the brink of the valley of the Indus. Around this immense basin, which has not usually been called an ocean of sand, and which in remote ages unquestionably formed the bed of a sea, countries rich in vegetation display every variety of terrestrial beauty. But in this waste itself necessarily condemned to eternal barrenness? Has it always been sterile? Even now, is it not customary for geographers and travellers to assume a degree of aridity in this wilderness which in point of fact does not exist? Here and there, though at wide intervals, patches of emerald, more or less extensive, diversify the surface, affording sustenance to man and beast, and suggesting the idea that nothing but ingenuity is wanting to reclaim the plains of the Sahara, and convert them into dwellings for new and populous nations. Volney long ago suggested that the empire of vegetation might be extended by planting certain species of pine trees in the sands, and gradually enlarging the plantations till they should cover the whole desert. This, however, without discovering fresh sources of moisture, would be impossible, for not only does it never rain in that part of Africa, but no dew falls, so that the most polished Damascus blade may be exposed there naked for weeks without contracting the slightest rust. Yet far below, in the hidden veins of the earth, water is always running and sparkling, ready to bubble up at the bidding of science to become the drink of man, diffuse itself far and near, and transform wide expanses of sterility into so many paradises. Once far in the Sahara, we came upon a slight depression, not more than three-quarters of a mile in length by about a quarter of a mile in breadth, green as a rice-field, or an English meadow in May, dotted with mimosa copes, thickets of tamarisks, and clumps of palm trees, and sown with corn up to the very edge of the sand, which formed a golden frame about this beautiful picture. The creator of this diminutive oasis was a spring, which threw up its waters spontaneously at the head of the little lake.

The French government of Algeria has for some time been engaged in carrying a line of stations from the Atlas towards Senegal, sinking at each an artesian well. The Mogrebins, Arabes, when they saw the Franks boring in the dry sand, were unable to restrain their laughter, but observing them persevere, shook their heads, and concluded that Allah had smitten them with madness. At length, the borer was drawn out, and up spouted the water to the height of forty or fifty feet into the air. The scorn of the wanderers was now converted into profound admiration; they stroked their beards, they again and again exclaimed "Wallah Bilillah," inwardly convinced that the people of the West were possessed of more knowledge than could be imparted by the Koran. Around the wells thus created, palm-groves will be planted, houses built, and fortifications thrown up; while the surplus water, employed judiciously in irrigation, will create gardens filled with figs and cucumbers, whose roots will bind together the fine particles of soil, enriched by the moisture of horses, camels, cows, asses and sheep.

When in speaking of the Sahara we use the word plains, we are guilty of some impropriety, since the Great Desert is very far from presenting to the eye a level surface. On the contrary, it is broken up into an endless succession of ridges, valleys, chains, alternating with rocky ridges, mountains of sand, jagged peaks, and vast steep slopes, over which artillery might be dragged as

easily as over the pavement of a city. Yet even here there is life, so that somewhere in concealed hollows there must exist where-with to support life. When you pitch your tent on some eminence at night, imagining probably that you and your companions are the only living creatures within the circle of the horizon, it is not long before you become sensible of your error; for no sooner is the firmament, blazing with the sun's rays, exchanged for the dusky vault, sparkling with planets and constellations, or silvered by the moon, than the secret life of the desert makes itself felt. Booming like low thunder among the rocks, the roar of the lion's paws heard, or the long lugubrious howl of the jackal, or the hyena's unnatural laugh, or the scream of some night-bird, or the hum of insects, or the sport of the startled antelope, or the passing footsteps of the fleet gazelle. Once when encamped without tents on a rocky height, we spent the night in the desert; being less weary or more watchful than my companions, I moved off to a little distance from the fire, and sat, rifle in hand, on a detached crag. Below me, the sand descended in golden waves towards a dark rift in the waste, which I could not but feel contained water. The moon was at the full, and rendered the whole landscape resplendent with its light. Presently, over the edge of the rift, I beheld numerous animals ascend, and advancing up the slope, begin to sport and frolic on the soft sand. These were troops of gazelles, light, fleet, graceful, and so diminutive, that one which we afterwards caught and tamed used, by bringing his hind and fore feet together, to perch easily on the palm of my hand. All animals have their May games and morris-dances. The gazelles having, it is to be presumed, fed and drunk to their satisfaction, now gave themselves up to frolicking and amusing themselves by moonlight. Not perceiving me, they chased each other up to the foot of the rock on which I sat, then scoured away to the edge of the rift, then bounded off to the right, to the left, leaping and springing over each other, their tails wagging, and their black, annulated horns occasionally reflecting the moonlight from their polished surfaces. Not a sound was heard but that of their light feet in the sand, which became a little louder when they traversed some patch of rock. Presently a large, dark head was thrust up above the edge of the rift—it was that of the dib or African wolf, which, watching his opportunity, sprang forth as a column of the harmless creatures was sweeping unawakeningly near his lair. But he sprang in vain. Flying rather than running up the slope, they distanced him in a second, and as he was still giving chase, though fruitlessly, a ball from my rifle brought him to the earth. But though their enemy was slain, the gazelles appeared no more. Like a cloud driven before a hurricane, they swept along the desert, and vanished too rapidly to be followed by the eye. While I was regretting their departure and reloading my piece, a new scene presented itself. From among the pinnacles of the neighboring cliffs, several huge birds emerged, and alighting on the sand, at once, with fierce screams, plunged their beaks and talons into the body of the dib, which they tore piecemeal, and devoured in a few minutes.

Our track from west to east crossed the route of the caravans to and from the interior, and, just as morning broke upon the wilderness, we beheld approaching us from the south a string of more than a thousand camels, toiling through the craggy defiles, with a troop of horsemen in the van, and droves of negroes, big and little, trudging behind the camels. One little boy, not quite five years old, had, we were assured, walked barefoot, more than two thousand miles, and yet looked plump and strong. The slave-caravans usually perform their journeys by night, and encamp during the day, when the heat is far too intense to allow pedestrians to make much way, the sand being scorched by the sun till it resembles the ashes of a furnace. We are apt to figure to ourselves the Jellabis, or slave-merchants as so many ghoul or effects, harsh, cruel, savage, with the whip for ever in hand, and menaces and imprecations on their lips. We found them quite otherwise—a crew of jolly, good-natured vagabonds, sleek and merry, who lived on the best possible terms with their captives, whom they treated with as much kindness as if they had been their children. The horsemen were Turks, who had, properly speaking, no connection with the Jellabis, but having fallen in with them on the borders of Senegal, had consented to accompany them for a consideration, and protect their property from the ferocious Sheikhs. We witnessed with little interest the mode in which these dealers in women and children pitched their camp. The camels were all ranged in a circle, which was so large as to encompass the whole caravan; the water-skins were taken off their backs, and a limited portion of the precious fluid doled forth to each; food was then put into bags, which were slung on their noses, when they were assumed to be provided for. While this process was going on, we noticed another still more curious. A number of iron-shod poles were stuck deep in the sand, so as to form a spacious quadrangle, and to these were suspended curtains of white calico, about five feet in height. This enclosure was for the women, many of whom, raising themselves on tiptoe, showed their laughing faces over it, to gaze at us. The children, without a rag of covering, went where they pleased, some sitting down upon the sand within the enclosure, and some without. Cooking then commenced, and of whatever the dishes may have consisted, the smell was savory. Though this, technically, was a slave-caravan, the merchants by no means confined their speculations to human creatures; there were piles of elephants' teeth, large bales of catfish-skins, boxes of gold-dust, dried fruits, and other articles of use or luxury. Among the slaves, a great difference was observable. The genuine negroes having learned what they were to expect in Egypt—hundreds, fine

clothes, trinkets, abundant food, and a good deal of kindness—were as happy and merry as Greeks; while the Galla and Abyssinian girls were sullen, dejected, moody, often refusing their food, and exhibiting, it was said, an inclination to commit suicide. The latter statement, however, seems to be altogether apocryphal, since, though they possessed daggers, they never used them. Apart from weariness, the children have the best time of it, since on the road they are put into the camels' panniers when they chance to be empty, together perhaps with a favorite woman to nurse them. If you remark to the Jellabis upon the wicked nature of their dealings, they will reply: "What! is it not a meritorious action to snatch these wretches from the depths of ignorance and idolatry, to make known to them the truths of El Islam?"

A comparison has been often instituted between the appearance and characteristics of the great Sahara, and those of the steppes of Central Asia, and the llanos of South America, though in reality they totally differ from each other. The South American desert, if it can be so called, is barren only during a portion of the year, while, except the waste of Koid, the Asiatic steppes are never barren at all. The African wilderness, on the other hand, constitutes a huge barren, dotted with spots of fertility, which, however, though far more numerous than is generally supposed, can hardly be said to interfere with its general features. One phenomenon is peculiar to the African waste—we mean those pillars of sand which, resembling the water spouts of the ocean, march athwart the desert commonly from north to south, and present perhaps the most sublime spectacle that can be beheld on the globe's surface. The causes and configuration of these columns seem to be explicable by no ordinary laws of nature, unless we suppose the particles of sand to attain so great a tenuity and lightness, by incessant motion and friction, as to resemble those of water, and to be acted upon equally by heat. Whatever opinion we may form upon this point, the sand-pillars are produced in the following manner:—On a vast unsheltered level, immediately before or about noon, when the sun's rays pouring down perpendicularly seem to occasion an agitation in the surface of the desert, which is lifted up like vapor, and fluctuating, quivering, glancing, coursing, presents the aspect of a tremulous sea. Gradually the more subtle particles, attracted by the sun, begin to whirl round, assume a circular form, and rise visibly into the air, gyrating like a screw, until the column, forty or fifty feet in diameter, attains sometimes to the height of more than a quarter of a mile. But a solitary pillar is never perhaps formed. The causes which produce this sandy exhalation, acting at once upon a large circumference, call up at the same instant a mighty column, which, put in motion by the north wind, moves swiftly along the desert, the columns, forty or fifty in number, preserving the same distance from each other, till they are lost in the hazy glare of the south. Nothing is so much dreaded by the caravans as these gigantic phenomena, for should they collapse and fall, they would bury a whole army beneath their ruins. The moment, therefore, they are seen in motion, every living creature flies at its utmost speed out of their track, so as if possible to keep to the windward, for so great is their velocity that nothing moving in the same direction could escape them. Though most frequently visible far west in the Sahara, they can only be beheld in their full grandeur in the vicinity of the Upper Nile, when by some rare chance they spring up in the morning or evening, at which time the moisture supplied by the river mingling with the sun's slanting rays, creates a stupendous rainbow to span these Titan columns as they move before the north wind. At such times reflecting the light from their sides, which glitter like burnished brass in the sun, they look like so many huge towers of fire, thrown up into the air by magic. Screened behind a rock, we beheld the denizens of the waste, especially the antelopes and the gazelles, holding up their heads, and gazing in terror, as if they feared destruction in the distance. Then wheeling about in *volutes*, they dart away, and seem to bury themselves in the sand, so instantaneously do they vanish.

One of the prettiest features of gazelle life is to be enjoyed on the banks of the great African river between midnight and morning. Concealing yourself carefully behind a block of porphyry, you soon hear the tramp of numerous light feet advancing across the sand towards the water. If the moon be favorable you may behold thousands of gazelles and antelopes, their white tails and bellies glancing in the light, crowding the river's margin, and gently pushing each other aside, in their eagerness to plunge their noses in the stream. Sometimes, invited by the placid waters, and impelled by the influence of the glowing atmosphere, some adventurous male plunges in, and is followed by the whole herd, which frolics and splashes about, till a sudden moan of the wind, the fall of a stone from the bank, or some similar sound, alarms the timid creatures, upon which they swiftly regain their own element, and retire fleet as arrows towards their grazing grounds. Moving across the desert from west to east, you sometimes come suddenly upon an extensive valley clothed thickly with acacias, woods, palm-groves, and perhaps an occasional giminy or Egyptian sycamore, towering above all the vegetation around, with corn-fields, hamlets, chapels, and tombs. The Bedouins who inhabit these oases, which are very extensive, addict themselves to a branch of industry, the existence of which could hardly be imagined by those who entertain the prevalent idea of the desert—that is, they are charcoal burners, and carry on a large and profitable trade with Nubia and Egypt. It is accordingly obvious that the woods must be immense, since you frequently meet long strings of camels, laden with acacia charcoal, making their way towards the cities and villages, under the guidance of

## REQUIESCAT IN PACI.

Love, that was born a year ago,  
We buried to-day with weeping;  
We laid him low in the winter snow,  
Where, when spring-time comes, the flowers will blow,  
And the pale primrose and violet grow—  
A sad, sweet place of sleeping.

My heart is mocked by your idle moan:  
When a breath would have kept him living,  
You grudged the breath; now you sigh and groan  
As if yours was the sorrow, when mine alone—  
Mine alone—is the right of grieving.

We part by this grave: no more my hand  
Will clasp yours with caressing fingers.  
We meet no more, do you understand?  
As we met of old, in the sunny land,  
Where the voice of Love still lingers.

Your lips will never press mine again;  
We are strangers henceforth for ever.  
Though my tears fall down like heavy rain,  
And though my heart throbs quick with pain,  
I am true to the sad word,—never!

We leave dead Love in his lonely grave,  
Each a different pathway taking:  
The time is past when a word could save,  
And 'tis idle now to fret and rave;  
I grant the pardon for which you crave;  
But Love sleeps, and will know no waking.

A. DONALDSON.  
A FIRM BELIEF IN PROVIDENCE.  
In the Honorable Mr. Murray's book on Egypt, the following anecdote is related:

I was surprised to find that this Mahmoudi Canal, although cut by the present Viceroy, at an enormous cost of money and of human life, through a country perfectly flat, is as winding in its course as a path through a labyrinth. On asking Demetri, our dragoman, if he could explain the cause of this, he answered me by a story—for he has a story ready for almost every occasion. The very same question, he says, was lately put to Mohamed Ali by a French engineer travelling through Egypt. The Pasha, after a moment's reflection, said to the engineer: "Have you ever seen rivers in Europe?" "Yes, sir, many," was the reply. "Are they straight or crooked in their course?" "They are generally crooked, sir."

"Who made the rivers?" inquired the Pasha. "They were made by Allah," said the astonished engineer. "Then, sir," concluded the Pasha, triumphantly, "do you expect me to know and to do better than Allah?"

The poor engineer had no reply to make to this strange argument, so he took his leave and went his way.

## THE BACHELOR'S EXCUSE.

I think that, as a general rule, the bachelors—the confirmed bachelors even—are admirers of the fair sex, and *vice versa*. I have observed bachelors endure the fretfulness of children, when fathers would explode in a storm of passion. Perhaps that's because the bachelors don't have to stand it all the time. It is just so with the whims of our fair tyrants. The bachelors put up with inconvenience, because their threshold is but transitory. They see women only on the bright side, after all. They, as it were, taste the champagne, but do not become intoxicated with it. And, after all, I believe it is the adoration of the sex that makes so many bachelors. No one wants to sip nectar constantly. No one can occupy all the time in the contemplation of beauty, or in the enjoyment of delightful recreations. Monotony begets satiety. The musician in the orchestra tires of the nightly scenes which delights the ever-changing audience. The stage-driver, the conductor, the steamboat captain die of *ennui*, amid the scenes which inspire the casual traveller with enthusiasm. Familiarity, in short, breeds contempt. The bachelor appreciates these never-failing rules. He prefers to see and appreciate woman in her best humor, her smiling face. He thinks that to marry her would be like going to the opera every day, taking breakfast, dinner, and supper of the choicest game, hearing music forever, or spending his life out in a garden with nothing but roses.

THE HONEST MORAVIAN.—In one of the wars in Germany, a captain of cavalry was ordered out on a foraging party. He put himself at the head of his troop, and marched to the quarter assigned him. It was a solitary valley, in which hardly anything but woods could be seen. In the midst of it stood a little cottage. On perceiving it, he went up and knocked at the door. An ancient Hermit (which denotes a Moravian), with a beard silvered with age, came out. "Father," said the officer, "show me a field, where I can set my troops a foraging." "Presently," replied the Hermit. The good old man walked before, and conducted them out of the valley. After a quarter of an hour's march they found a fine field of barley. "This is the very thing we want," said the captain. "Have patience for a few minutes," replied the guide; "you shall be satisfied." They went on, and at the distance of about a quarter of a league further they arrived at another field of barley. The troop immediately dismounted, cut down the grain, tramped it up, and remounted. The officer then said to his conductor, "Father, you have given to yourself and us unnecessary trouble; the first field was much better than this." "Very true, sir," replied the good old man, "but it was not mine."

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They have got to printing some of their papers down South on the plain side of room paper. We thought they would all have gone to the wall ere this.

Man, we are told, is the only animal that laughs. Yes; and the only animal, we may say, that is laughed at—monkeys always excepted.

## THE EMPEROR AND THE SENTINEL.

In the print-shops of Paris may still be seen occasionally a representation of Emperor Napoleon I. brought to a standstill by one of his own sentinels, in consequence of his inability to give the pass-word. The veteran who, in obedience to his orders, was so near running his bayonet into his Majesty, has been recently received at Fontainebleau by the present Emperor, who, according to the French papers, conversed with him a considerable time, and, among other questions, asked him, "Though you did not know it was the Emperor, would you really have shot him?" To which the veteran replied, "No, sire; I would only have wounded him with my bayonet." The account which Coluche, the sentry, gives of the affair was as follows:—

"It was in 1806, after the victory of Ebersberg, that I was posted at the entrance of a half-destroyed building, in which the Emperor had taken up his quarters. My orders were not to allow anybody to pass unless accompanied by an officer of the staff. In the evening a person wearing a gray overcoat came towards my post, and wanted to pass. I lowered my bayonet and called out—

"'Nobody passes here.'"  
"Those were the words I used, and I never added, 'even if you were the little corporal himself,' as has been wrongly imputed to me since, because I did not know I had the Emperor before me. The person came on without seeming to notice what I said, and I then brought my bayonet to the charge, and called out—

"'If thou takest another step I will run my bayonet into thy stomach.'"  
"The noise brought out the whole of the staff; the Emperor returned to his quarters, and I was carried off to the guard-house.

"'You are lost, my boy,' said my comrades; 'you have committed an assault on the Emperor.'"  
"Stop a bit," I said; 'what of my orders? I shall explain all that to the court-martial.'"  
"The Emperor sent to fetch me, and when I came into his presence he said—

"'Grenadier, thou mayest put a red riband in thy button-hole; I give thee the cross!'"  
"Thanks, me Emperor," I answered, 'but there is no shop in this country where I can buy the riband.'"  
"Well," replied the Emperor, with a smile, 'take a piece from a woman's red petticoat; that will answer the purpose just as well!'"

Coluche continued to serve through all the campaigns, when he was not confined to the hospitals by his wounds, till the concluding battle of Waterloo, after which he was discharged, returned to his village, and resumed his occupation as an agricultural laborer. On his recent visit to Fontainebleau his only introduction was his portrait, engraved by Madame Viardot Garcia, the distinguished singer. As already mentioned, he was received by the Emperor with great cordiality, and by him presented to the Empress, the Imperial Prince, and the whole Court. Previous to his departure, the Emperor asked him if he wished for anything, to which Coluche is said to have replied, "I no longer desire anything; now I have seen you all, I am satisfied. I will only beg of you to give me your three portraits, a request the Emperor promised should be complied with."

LITTLE HUNGRY MINDS.—If there is one lesson we would impress upon parents, it is this:—Don't stifle your children's desire at proper times to ask questions. This involuntary self-educating process of the child's is of more importance to its future than many parents are aware of. It sometimes, nay, often, costs an effort to break up a train of thought in which you may be interestedly occupied, but it will pay. Like the sticks and straw which the winged bird bears long distances in its bill to construct its nest, these tender twigs of information may be worked into a structure which will afford comfort and protection from many a life-storm, a safe refuge for quiet reflection when the spirit of evil is prowling about for careless stragglers, who are beating the air because there is nothing else left for them to do. Don't turn your child away with a lazy, fibbing, abstracted "I don't know." Rouse yourself, and give him food for thought in your answer, or that spirit of evil may take possession of the apartment which you are to furnish.

A REAL GENTLEMAN.—He never dresses in the extreme of fashion, but avoids singularity in his person or habits. Is affable with his equals, and pleasant and attentive to his inferiors.

In conversation he avoids hasty, ill-tempered, or insulting remarks. Never pries into other people's affairs. Detests cave-dropping as among the most disgraceful of crimes.

Never slanders an acquaintance. Does never, under any circumstances, speak ill of a woman.

Never cuts an acquaintance who has met with a reverse of fortune. He always pays the postage on his letters of business, and in advance for his newspaper.

A GOOD NAME.—Be wondrous wary of your first commitments; get a good name, and be very tender of it afterwards, for it is like the Venice glass, quickly cracked, never to be mended, though patched it may be. To this purpose take along with you this fable. It happened that Fire, Water and Fame went to travel together (as you are doing now); they consulted, that if they lost one another, how they might be retrieved and meet again. Fire said:—"Where you see smoke, there you shall find me." Water said:—"Where you see marsh and morish low ground, there you shall find me." But Fame said:—"Take heed how you lose me; for if you do, you will run a great hazard never to meet me again; there's no retrieving of me."

A good guess at a tailor's name.—Mr. So-and-So.

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## THE ONLY WAY TO HEAVEN.

"The road to Heaven is the royal road of the Cross."—*Thom. a Kempis.*

We may spread our couch with roses,  
And sleep through the Summer day;  
But the soul that in sloth repose,  
Is not in the narrow way.  
If we follow the chart that is given,  
We never need be at a loss;  
For the only way to heaven  
Is the royal way of the Cross.

To one who is reared in splendor,  
The cross is a heavy load;  
And the feet that are soft and tender  
Will shrink from the thorny road.  
But the chains of the soul must be riven,  
And wealth must be held as dross,  
For the only way to heaven  
Is the royal way of the Cross.

We say we will walk to-morrow  
The path we refuse to-day;  
And still, with our lukewarm sorrow,  
We shrink from the narrow way.  
What heeded the chosen eleven  
Follow the fortunes of life might lose,  
They followed their Master to Heaven,  
By the royal way of the Cross?

## VERNER'S PRIDE.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,  
AUTHOR OF "THE CHANNINGS," "EAST  
LYONS," "THE EARL'S HEIR,"  
"A LIFE'S SECRET," ETC.

(Entered according to Act of Congress, in the  
year 1862, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's  
Office of the District Court for the Eastern Dis-  
trict of Pennsylvania.)

## CHAPTER XLIX.

GOING TO NEW JERUSALEM ON A WHITE  
DONKEY.

Lionel Verner was seated in the dining-  
room at Verner's. Not his master. His  
master, John Massingbird, was there, and  
Lionel. They had just dined, and  
John was filling his short pipe as an accom-  
paniment to his wine. During dinner he had  
been regaling Lionel with choice anecdotes  
of his Australian life, laughing over; but not  
a syllable had he broached yet about the  
"business" he had put forth as the plea for  
the invitation to Lionel to come. The anec-  
dotes did not raise the social features of that  
far-off colony in Mr. Verner's estimation.  
But he laughed with John; laughed as mer-  
rily as his heavy heart would allow him.

It was quite a wintery day, telling of com-  
ing winter. The skies were leaden-gray; the  
dead leaves rustled on the paths; and the  
sighing wind swept through the trees with a  
mournful sound. Void of brightness, of  
hope, it all looked like Lionel Verner's  
fortunes. But a few short weeks ago, he had  
been in John Massingbird's place, in the very  
chair that he now sat in, looking never to be  
removed from it during life. And now!—  
what a change!

"Why don't you smoke, Lionel?" asked  
John, setting light to his pipe by the readiest  
way—that of thrusting it between the bars  
of the grate. "You did not care to smoke in  
the old days, I remember."

"I never cared for it," replied Lionel.  
"I can tell you that you would have cared  
for it, had you been knocked about as I  
have. Tobacco's meat and drink to a fel-  
low at the Diggings; as it is to a sailor and a  
soldier."

"Not to all soldiers," observed Lionel.  
"My father never smoked an ounce of tobacco  
in his life. I have heard them say; and he  
saw some service."

"Every man to his liking," returned John  
Massingbird. "Folks preach about tobacco  
being an acquired taste! It's all both. Ba-  
bles come into the world with a liking for it,  
I know. Talking about your father, would  
you like to have that portrait of him that  
hangs in the large drawing-room? You can  
if you like. I'm sure you have more right to  
it than I."

"Thank you," replied Lionel. "I should  
very much like it, if you will give it me."

"What a fastidious chap you are, Lionel!"  
cried John Massingbird, puffing vigorously;  
for the pipe was turning refractory, and  
would not keep alight. "There are lots of  
things you have left behind you here, that, in  
your place, should have marched off with-  
out asking."

"The things are yours. That portrait of  
my father belonged to my Uncle Stephen, and  
he made no exception in its favor when he  
willed Verner's Pride, and all it contained,  
away from me. In point of legal right, I was  
at liberty to touch nothing, beyond my per-  
sonal effects."

"Liberty be hanged!" responded John.  
"You are over fastidious; always were.  
Your father was the same I know; and he  
said that, he was too much of a gentleman for  
a soldier."

Lionel smiled.  
"Some of our soldiers are the most refined  
gentlemen on the world's soil."

"I can't tell how they retain their refine-  
ment, then, amid the rough and ready of  
camp life. I know I lost all I had at the  
Diggings."

Lionel laughed outright at the notion of  
John Massingbird's losing his refinement at  
the Diggings. He never had any to lose. John  
joined in the laugh.

"Lionel, old boy, do you know I always  
liked you, with all your refinement; and it's  
a quality that never found great favor with  
me. I liked you better than I liked poor  
Fred; and that's the truth."

Lionel made no reply, and John Massing-  
bird smoked for a few minutes in silence.  
Presently he began again.

"I say, what made you go and marry El-  
bylla?"

Lionel lifted his eyes. But John Massing-  
bird resumed, before he had time to speak.

"She's not worth a button. Now you need  
not fly out, old chap. I am not passing my  
opinion on your wife; wouldn't presume to do  
such a thing; but on my cousin. Surely I  
may find fault with my cousin, if I like! Why  
did you marry her?"

"Why does anybody else marry?" returned  
Lionel.

"But why did you marry her? A stickily,  
fractious thing! I saw enough of her in the  
old days. There! be quiet! I have done. If  
it hadn't been for her, I'd have asked you to  
come here to your old home; you and I  
should jog along together first rate. But El-  
bylla has it. She may be a model of a wife; I  
don't insinuate to the contrary, take you note,  
Mr. Verner; but she's not exactly a model of  
temper, and Verner's Pride wouldn't be big  
enough to hold her and me. Would you have  
taken up your abode with me, had you been a  
free man?"

"I cannot tell," replied Lionel. "It is a  
question that cannot arise now."

"No, Sibylla stops it. What are you going  
to do with yourself?"

"That I cannot tell. I should like an ap-  
pointment abroad, if I could get one. I did  
think of going to London, and looking about  
me a bit; but I am not sure that I shall do so  
just yet."

"I say, Lionel," resumed John Massing-  
bird, sinking his voice, but speaking in a  
joking sort of way, "how do you mean to  
pay your debts? I hear you have a few."

"I have a good many, one way or an-  
other."

"Wipe them off," said John.

"I wish I could wipe them off."

"There's nothing more easy," returned  
John, in his free manner. "Get the white-  
wash brush to work. The insolvent court has  
got its friendly doors ever open."

The color came into the face of Lionel. A  
Verner there! He quietly shook his head.

"I daresay I shall find a way of paying some-  
time, if the people will only wait."

"Sibylla helped you to a good part of the  
score, didn't she? People are saying so. Just  
like her!"

"When I complain of my wife, I will be  
quite time enough for other people to be-  
gin," said Lionel. "When I married Si-  
bylla, I took her with her virtues and her  
faults; and I am quite ready to defend both."

"All right. I'd rather you had the right  
of defending them than I," said incorrigible  
John. "Look here, Lionel; I got you up here  
to-day to talk about the estate. Will you take  
the management of it?"

"Of this estate?" replied Lionel, not un-  
derstanding.

"Duce a bit of any other could I offer  
you. Things are all at sizes and seven al-  
ready; they are chaos; they are purgatory.  
That's our word, out yonder, Lionel, to ex-  
press the ultimatum of badness. Matias  
comes and bothers; the tenants, one and  
another, come and bother; Roy comes and  
bothers. What with it all, I'm fit to bar the  
outer doors. Roy, you know, thought I  
should put him into power again! No, no,  
Mr. Roy! Fred might have done it, but I  
never will. I'll pay him well for the services  
he has rendered me; but put him into  
power—no. Altogether things are getting  
into inextricable confusion; I can't look to  
them, and I want a manager. Will you take  
it, Lionel? I'll give you five hundred a  
year."

The mention of the sum quite startled Li-  
onel. It was far more than he should have  
supposed John Massingbird would offer to  
any manager. Matias would do it for a fourth.  
Should he take it?

He sat, twirling his wine-glass round in his  
fingers. There was a soreness of spirit to  
get over, and it could not be done all in a  
moment. To become a servant (indeed it  
was no better) on the land that had once  
been his; that ought to be his now, by the  
law of right—a servant to John Massingbird!  
Could Lionel bend to it? John smoked, and  
sat watching him.

He thought of the position of his wife; he  
thought of the encumbrance on his mother;  
he thought of his brother Jan, and what he  
had done; he thought of his own very un-  
satisfactory prospects. Was this the putting  
his shoulder to the wheel, as he had re-  
solved to do, thus to hesitate on a quibble of  
pride? Down, down with his rebellious  
spirit. Let him be a man, in the sight of  
Heaven!

He turned to John Massingbird, his brow  
clear, his eye serene.

"I will take it, and thank you," he said in  
a steady, cheerful tone.

"Then let's have some grog on the strength  
of it," was that gentleman's answer. "Tynn  
says the worry nearly took my mother's life  
out of her, during the time she managed the  
estate; and it would take it out of mine. If  
I kept it in my own hands, it would go to  
the dogs in a twelve month. And you'd not  
thank me for that, Lionel. You are the next  
heir."

"You may take a wife yet."

"A wife for me?" he shouted. "No, thank  
you. I know the value of 'em too well for  
that. Give me my liberty, and you may  
have the wives. Lionel, the office had bet-  
ter be in the study as it used to be; you can  
come up here of a day. I'll turn the draw-  
ing-room into my smoke-shop. If there are  
any leases or other deeds missing, you must  
get them drawn out again. I'm glad it's set-  
tled."

Lionel declined the grog; but he sat on,  
talking things over. John Massingbird, in a  
cloud of smoke, drinking Lionel's share as  
well as his own, and listening—to the rain,  
which had begun to patter against the win-  
dow panes.

But it is necessary to pay a visit to Mrs.  
Peckaby, for great events were happening to  
her on that night.

When Lionel met her in the day, seated on  
the stump, all disconsolate, she had thrown  
out a hint that Mr. Peckaby was not habitu-  
ally in quite so social a mood as he might be.

The fact was, Peckaby's patience had run  
out; and little wonder either. The man's  
meals made ready for him in a careless way,  
often not made ready at all, and his wife  
spending her time in sighing and moaning,  
and looking out for the white donkey! You,  
my readers, may deem this a rather far-  
fetched episode in the story; you may deem  
it next to impossible that any woman should  
be so ridiculously foolish, or could be so im-  
posed upon; but I am only relating to you  
the strict truth. The facts occurred precisely  
as they are being narrated, and not long  
ago. I have neither added to the story, nor  
taken from it.

Mrs. Peckaby finished out her sitting on  
the stump. The skies were greyer than be-  
fore when she rose to go home. She found  
Peckaby had been in to his tea; that is, he had  
been in, hoping to partake of that social  
meal; but, finding no preparation made for  
it, he had a little relieved his mind by pour-  
ing a pail of water over the kitchen fire,  
thereby putting the fire out and causing con-  
siderable damage to the fire-irons and appur-  
tenances generally, which would cause Mrs.  
Peckaby some little work to remedy.

"The brute!" she ejaculated, putting her  
foot into the slop on the floor, and taking a  
general view of things. "Oh, if I was but  
off!"

"My patience, what a mess!" exclaimed  
Polly Dawson, who happened to be going  
by, and turned in for a gossip. "Whatever  
have done it?"

"Whatever have done it? why, that  
wretch, Peckaby," retorted the aggrieved  
wife. "Don't you never get married, Polly  
Dawson, if you want to keep on the right  
side of the men. They be the worst animals  
in all creation. Many a poor woman's life  
has been aggravated out of her."

"If I do get married, I shan't begin the  
aggravation by wanting to be off to them  
saints at New Jerusalem," impudently re-  
turned Polly Dawson.

Mrs. Peckaby received it meekly. What  
with the long continued disappointment, the  
perpetual "aggravations" of Peckaby, and  
the prospect of work before her, arising from  
the gratuitous pail of water, she was feeling  
unusually cowed down.

"I wish I was a hundred miles off," she  
cried. "Nobody's fate was never so hard as  
mine."

"I'll take you a good two hours to red-  
up," observed Polly Dawson. "I'd rather  
you had to do it nor me."

"I'd see it further—before it should take me  
two hours—and Peckaby with it," retorted  
Mrs. Peckaby, reviving to a touch of temper.  
"I shall but give it a lick and a promise;  
just mop up the wet, and dry the grate, and  
get a bit of fire alight. 'Tother things may  
go."

Polly Dawson departed, and Mrs. Peckaby  
set to her work. By dint of some trouble  
she contrived to obtain a cup of tea for her-  
self after awhile, and then she sat on dis-  
consolately as before. Night came on, and  
she had ample time to indulge her rumina-  
tions.

Peckaby had never been in. Mrs. Peckaby  
concluded he was solacing himself at that  
social rendezvous, the Plough and Har-  
row, and would come home in a state of  
beer. Between nine and ten he entered—  
hours were early in Deersham—and, to Mrs.  
Peckaby's surprise, he was not only sober,  
but social.

"It has turned out a pouring wet night,"  
cried he. And the mood was so unwonted,  
especially after the episode of the wet grate,  
that Mrs. Peckaby was astonished into an-  
swering pleasantly.

"Will ye have some bread and cheese?"  
asked she.

"I don't mind if I do. Chuff, he gave me  
a piece of his bread and bacon at eight  
o'clock, so I ain't over hungry."

Mrs. Peckaby brought forth the loaf and  
the cheese, and Peckaby cut himself some,  
and ate it. Then he went up-stairs. She  
layed to put the eatables away, raked out  
the fire, and followed. Peckaby was already  
in bed. To get into it was not a very cere-  
monious proceeding with him, as it is not  
with many others. There was no super-  
fluous attire to throw off, there was no hin-  
dering time with ablutions, there were no  
prayers. Mrs. Peckaby favored the same  
convenient mode, and she had just put the  
candle out when some noise struck upon her  
ear.

It came from the road outside. They slept  
back, the front room having been the one  
let to Brother Jarrum; but in those small  
houses, at that quiet hour, noises in the road  
were heard as distinctly from back. There  
was a sound of talking, and then came a mo-  
dest knock at Peckaby's door.

Mrs. Peckaby went to the front room,  
opened the casement, and looked out. To  
say that her heart leaped into her mouth,  
would be a most imperfect figure of speech  
to describe the state of feeling that rushed  
over her. In the rainy obscurity of the night,  
she could discern something white drawn up  
to the door, and the figures of two men  
standing by it. The only wonder was, that  
she did not leap out; she might have done  
it, had the window been large enough.

"Do Susan Peckaby live here?" inquired  
a gruff voice, that seemed as if it were muf-  
fled.

"Oh, dear, good gentlemen, yes!" she re-  
sponded, in a tremble of excitement. "Please,  
what is it?"

"The white donkey's come to take her to  
New Jerusalem."

With a shrieking cry of joy that might  
have been heard half-way up Clay Lane,  
Mrs. Peckaby tore back to her chamber.

"Peckaby," she cried, "Peckaby, the  
thing's come at last! The blessed animal  
that's to bear me off. I always said it  
would."

Peckaby—probably from drowsiness—  
made no immediate response. Mrs. Peckaby  
stepped down to the low bed, and shook him  
well by the shoulder.

"It's the white quadruple, Peckaby, come  
at last!"

Peckaby growled out something that she  
was in a state of too great excitement to hear.  
She lighted the candle; she flung on some  
of the things she had taken off; she ran  
back to the front before they were fastened,  
lest the messengers, brute and human, should  
have departed, and put her head out at the  
casement again, all in the utmost fever of  
agitation.

"A minute or two yet, good gentlemen,  
please! I'm almost ready. I'm a waiting to  
get out my purple gown!"

"All right, missus," was the muffled an-  
swer.

The "purple gown" was kept in this very  
ex-room of Brother Jarrum's, hid in a safe  
place between some sheets of newspaper.  
Had Mrs. Peckaby kept it open, to the view of  
Peckaby, there's no saying what grief the robe  
might not have come to, ere this. Peckaby,  
in his tantrums, would not have been likely  
to spare it. She put it on, and hooked it  
down the front, her trembling fingers scarcely  
able to accomplish it. That it was full loose  
for her, she was prepared to find: she had  
grown thin with fretting. Then she put on  
a shawl, last her bonnet, and some green leath-  
er gloves. The shawl was black, with  
worked colored corners, a thin small shawl,  
that hardly covered her shoulders; and the  
bonnet was a straw, trimmed with pink rib-  
bons—the toilette which had been long pre-  
pared.

"Good-bye, Peckaby," said she, going in  
when she was ready. "You've said many a  
time as you wished I was off, and now you  
have got your wish. But I don't wish to part  
nothing but friends."

"Good-bye," returned Peckaby, in a hearty  
tone, as he turned himself round on his bed.  
"Give my love to the saints."

To find him in this accommodating humor,  
was more than she had bargained for. A  
doubt had crossed her sometimes whether,  
when the white donkey did come, there  
might not arise a battle with Peckaby, ere  
she should get off. This apparently civil  
feeling on his part awoke a more social one  
towards him on hers; and a quail of con-  
science darted across her, that she might have  
made him a better wife had she been so dis-  
posed. "He might have shook hands with  
me," was her parting thought, as she unlocked  
the street door.

The donkey was waiting outside with all  
the patience for which donkeys are renown-  
ed. It had been drawn up under a sheltering  
ledge at a door or two's distance, to be out of  
the rain. Its two conductors were muffled  
up, as befitted the inclemency of the night,  
something like their voices appeared to have  
been. Mrs. Peckaby was not in her sober  
senses, sufficiently to ask whether they were  
brothers from New Jerusalem, or whether  
the style of costume they favored might be  
the prevailing mode in that fashionable city;  
if so, it was decidedly more useful than elan-  
tag, consisting apparently of hop-sacks,  
doubled over the head and over the back.

"Ready, missus?"

"I be quite ready," she answered, in a  
tremble of delight. "There ain't no saddle!"  
she called out, as the donkey was trotted for-  
ward.

"You won't want a saddle: these New  
Jerusalem animals ain't like ordinary ones—  
Jump on him, missus."

Mrs. Peckaby was so exceedingly tall that  
she had not far to jump. She took her seat  
aside, settled her gown, and laid hold of the  
bridle, which one of the men put into  
her hands. He turned round the donkey,  
and set it going with a smack; the other  
helped by crying "Gee-ho!"

Up Clay Lane she proceeded in triumph—  
The skies were dark, and the rain came soak-  
ing down; but Mrs. Peckaby's heart was too  
warm to dwell on any temporary inconve-  
nience. If a thought crossed her mind that  
the beauty of the pink ribbons might be  
marred by the storm, so as somewhat to dim  
the glory of her entrance to the city and in-  
troduction to the saints, she drove it away  
again. Trouble had no admission in her pre-  
sent frame of mind. The gentlemen in the  
hop-sacks continued to attend her; the one  
leading the donkey, the other walking behind  
and cheering the animal on with periodical  
gee-hos.

"I suppose as it's a long way, sir?" asked  
Mrs. Peckaby, breaking the silence, and ad-  
dressing the conductor.

"Middlin'," replied he.

"And how do we get over the sea, please  
sir?" asked she again.

"The wayage is provided for, missus," was  
the short and satisfactory response. "Broth-  
er Jarrum took care of that when he sent us."

Her heart went into a glow at the name—  
And then envious diabolical in Deersham  
had cast all sorts of disparaging accusations  
to the Brother, openly expressing their  
opinion that he had gone off purposely  
without her, and that she'd never hear of  
him again!

Arrived at the top of Clay Lane, the road  
was crossed, and the donkey was led down a  
turning towards the lands of Sir Rufus Han-  
tley. It may have occurred to Mrs. Peckaby  
to wonder that the highway was not taken,  
instead of an unfrequented by-path that only  
led to fields and a wood; but, if so, she said  
nothing. Had the white donkey taken her  
to a gravel pit, and pitched headlong in with  
her, she would have deemed, in her blind  
faith, that it was the right road to New Jeru-  
salem.

A long way it was over these wet fields—  
If the brothers and the donkey partook of  
the salutary nature of the inhabitants of the  
Salt Lake City, possibly they did not find it  
a weary one. Mrs. Peckaby certainly did  
not. She was wrapt in a glowing vision of  
the honors and delights that would welcome  
her at her journey's end. So wrapt, that she  
and the donkey had been for some little time  
in one of the narrow paths of the wood be-  
fore she missed her two conductors.

It caused Mrs. Peckaby to pull the bridle,  
and cry "Wo-ho!" to the donkey. She had  
an idea that they might have struck into the  
wrong path, for this one appeared to be get-  
ting narrower and narrower. The wood was  
intersected with paths, but only a few of them  
led right through it. She pulled up,  
and turned her head the way she had come,  
but was unable to distinguish anything, save  
that she was in the heart of the wood.

"Be you behind, gentlemen!" she called  
out.

There was no reply. Mrs. Peckaby waited  
a bit, thinking they might have lagged un-  
wittingly, and then called out again, with the  
like result.

"It's very curious!" thought Mrs. Peckaby.  
She was certainly in a dilemma. Without  
her conductors she knew no more how to get  
to New Jerusalem than she did how to get  
to the new moon. She might find her way  
through the wood by one path or another,  
but, once on the other side, she had no idea  
which road to turn the donkey to—north,  
south, east, or west. She thought she would  
go back and look after them.

But there was some difficulty in doing this.  
The path had grown so narrow that the don-  
key could not easily be turned. She slipped  
off him, tied the bridle to a tree, and ran  
back as fast as the obscurity of the path al-  
lowed her, calling out to the gentlemen.

The more she ran, the more she called,  
the less did there appear to be anybody to  
respond to it. Utterly at a loss, she at  
length returned to the donkey—that is, to the  
spot, so far as she could judge, where she  
had left it. But the donkey was gone.

Was Mrs. Peckaby awake, or asleep? Was  
the past blissful dream—when she was being  
borne in triumph to New Jerusalem—only an  
imaginary one? Was her present predicament  
real? Which was imagination, and which  
was real? For the last hour she had been  
enjoying the realization of all her hopes;  
now she seemed no nearer their fruition than  
she had been a year ago. The white donkey  
was gone, the conducting Brothers were  
gone, and she was alone in the middle of a  
wood, two miles from home, on a wet night.

Mrs. Peckaby had heard of enchantments,  
and began to think she must have been sub-  
jected to something of the sort.

She rubbed her eyes; she pinched her arms.  
Was she in her senses or not? Sure never  
was such a situation heard of! The cup of  
hope presented palpably to her lips, only to  
vanish again—she could not tell how—and  
leave no sign. A very disagreeable doubt—  
not yet a suspicion—began to dawn over Mrs.  
Peckaby. Had she been made the subject of  
a practical joke?

She might have flung the doubt from her,  
but for a distant sound that came faintly on  
her ears—the sound of covert laughter. Her  
doubt turned to conviction; her face became  
hot; her heart, but for the anger at it, would  
have grown sick with the disappointment. Her  
conductors and the donkey were retreating,  
having played their joke out! Two certain-  
ties forced themselves upon her mind. One,  
that Peckaby and his friends had planned it;  
she felt sure now that the biggest of the "broth-  
ers" had been nobody but Chuff, the black-  
smith; the other certainty was that she should  
never be sent for to New Jerusalem in any  
other way. Why it should have been, Mrs. Peck-  
aby could not have told, then or afterwards;  
but the positive conviction that Brother Jar-  
rum had been false, that the story of sending  
for her on a white donkey had only been in-  
vented to keep her quiet, fixed itself in her  
mind in that moment in the lonely wood—  
She sunk down amidst the trees and sobbed  
bitterly.

But all the tears combined, that the world  
ever shed, could not bring her nearer to New  
Jerusalem, or make her present situation bet-  
ter. After awhile she had the sense to re-  
member that. She rose from the ground,  
turned her gown up over her shoulders,  
found her way out of the wood, and set off  
on her walk back again in a very humble  
frame of mind, arriving home as the clock  
was striking two.

She could make nobody hear. She knocked  
at the door, she knocked at the window,  
gently at first, then louder; she called and  
called, but there came no answer. Some of  
the neighbors, aroused by the unwonted dis-  
turbance, came peeping at their windows—  
At length Peckaby opened his; thrusting his  
head out at the very casement from which  
Mrs. Peckaby had beheld the deceitful vision  
earlier in the night.

"What's there?" called out Peckaby.

"It's me, Peckaby," was the answer, de-  
livered in a forlorn tone. "Come down and  
open the door."

"Who's 'me'?" asked Peckaby.

"It's me," repeated Mrs. Peckaby, looking  
up.

And, what with her height and the low  
casement, their faces were really not many  
inches apart; but yet Peckaby appeared not  
to know her.

"You be off, will you?" retorted he. "A  
pretty thing, it tramps be to come to decent  
folks's doors, and knock 'em up, like this—  
Who's door did you take it for?"

"It's me!" screamed Mrs. Peckaby. "Don't  
you know me? Come and undo the door,  
and let me come in. I be sobbing."

"Know you! How should I know you?  
Who be you?"

"Good heavens, Peckaby! you must know  
me. Ain't I your wife?"

"My wife! Not a bit on't. You needn't  
come here with that gammon, missus, who-  
ever you be. My wife's gone off to New  
Jerusalem on a white donkey."

He slammed to the casement. Mrs. Peck-  
aby, what with the rain, and what with the  
disappointment, burst into tears. In the same  
moment sundry other casements opened, and  
all the heads in the vicinity—including the



Decima rubely—or it may rather be said frostily—when the latter had ventured on conversation. Lady Verner had gone out to dinner. The Countess of Elmley had been there that day, and she had asked Lady Verner to go over in the evening and take a friendly dinner with her. "Bring any of them that you like with you," had been her careless words in parting. But Lady Verner had not chosen to take "any of them," she had dressed and driven off in the hired fly alone; and this it was that was exciting the anger of Sibylla.

She thought Lady Verner might have taken her. She thought Lady Verner ought to have taken her. In point of fact, Sibylla had been the stumbling-block to Lady Verner. The Countess of Elmley did not like Sibylla. Whether the feeling was a spontaneous one on her own part, or whether she had been infected by the prejudices of Lady Verner, certain it was, that the Countess did not show favor to the wife of Mr. Verner. To have her at their friendly reunion would mar its pleasure to both of them. But Lady Verner would not take Lucy or Decima, from the slight it would reflect on Sibylla. Hence, she had gone alone, and Sibylla was resenting it.

Lucy came in and knelt down on the rug before the fire, half shivering. "I am so cold," she said. "Do you know what I did, Decima? I let the fire go out. Sometime after Lady Verner went up to dress, I turned round and found the fire was out. My hands are quite numb."

"You have gone on playing there without a fire!" cried Decima. "I shall be warm again directly," said Lucy, cheerily. "As I passed through the hall, the reflection of the blaze came out of the dining-room. We shall get warm there. Is your head still aching, Mrs. Verner?"

"It is always aching," snapped Sibylla. Lucy, kind and gentle in spirit, unretreating, ever considerate for the misfortunes which had come upon Mrs. Verner, went to her side.

"Shall I get you a little of your aromatic vinegar?" she asked.

"You need not trouble to get anything for me," was the ungracious answer.

Lucy, thus repulsed, stood in silence at the window. The window, on the side of the house, overlooked the road which led to Sir Rufus Hauley's. A carriage, apparently slowly shut up, so far as she could see in the dark, its coachman and footman attending it, was bowling rapidly down towards the village.

"There's Sir Rufus Hauley's carriage," said Lucy. "I suppose he is going out to dinner."

Decima drew to the window and looked out. The carriage came sweeping round the point, and turned, on its road to the village, as they supposed. In the still silence of the room, they could hear its wheels on the frosty road, after they lost sight of it; could hear it bowl before their house, and stop at the gates.

"It has stopped here!" exclaimed Lucy. Decima moved quickly back to the fire and sat down. A fancy arose to Lucy that she, Decima, had turned unusually pale. Was it so?—or was it fancy? If it was fancy, why should the fancy have arisen? Gently pale her face certainly looked, as the blaze played upon it.

A few minutes, and one of the servants came in, handing a note to Decima.

"Bring lights," said Decima, in a low tone. The lights were brought; and then Decima's agitation was apparent. Her hands shook as she broke the seal of the letter.—Lucy gazed in surprise; Sibylla, somewhat aroused from her own grievances, in sympathy.

"Desire the carriage to wait," said Decima. "It is waiting, Miss Decima. The servants said they had orders."

Decima crushed the note into her pocket as well as her shaking fingers would allow her, and left the room. What could have occurred thus to agitate calm and stately Decima? Before Lucy and Mrs. Verner had recovered their surprise she was back again, dressed to go out.

"I am sorry to leave you so abruptly, as mamma is not here," she said. "I dare say Lionel will be in to dinner. If not, you must for once entertain each other."

"But where are you going?" cried Mrs. Verner.

"To Sir Rufus Hauley's. He wishes to see me."

"What does he want with you?" continued Sibylla.

"I do not know," replied Decima.

She quitted the room and went down to the carriage, which had waited for her. Mrs. Verner and Lucy heard it drive away again as quickly as it had driven up. As it turned the corner and pursued its way up the road, past the window they were looking from, but at some distance from it, they fancied they saw the form of Decima inside, looking out at them.

"Sir Rufus is taken ill," said old Catherine to them, by way of news. "The servants say that it is feared he won't live through the night. Mr. Jan is there, and Dr. Hayes from Heartburn."

"But what can be wanted with Mrs. Verner?" reiterated Sibylla.

Catherine shook her head. She had not the remotest idea. Lionel Verner did not come in for dinner. His non-appearance was no improvement to the temper of his wife. It had occurred lately that Lionel did not always get home to dinner. Sometimes, when detained at Verner's, he would take it with John Mansfield; if out on the estate, and unable to get home in time, he would eat something where he came in. Her fractious state of mind did not tend to soothe the headache she had complained of earlier in the day.

Three half-hour that passed without her husband's entrance made her worse in all ways, and temper; and about nine o'clock she went up to her sitting-room and lay

down on the sofa, saying that her temples were splitting.

Lucy followed her. Lucy thought she must really be ill. She could not understand that anything should be so fractious, except from wearying pain.

"I will bathe your temples," she gently said.

Sibylla did not appear to care whether her temples were bathed or not. Lucy got some water in a basin and two thin handkerchiefs, wringing out one and placing it on Mrs. Verner's head and forehead, kneeling to her task. That her temples were throbbing and her head was hot, there was no question; the handkerchief was no sooner on than it was warm, and Lucy had to exchange it for the other.

"It is Lionel's fault," suddenly burst forth Sibylla.

"His fault?" returned Lucy. "How can it be his fault?"

"What business has he to stop out?"

"But if he cannot help it?" returned Lucy.

"The other evening, don't you remember, Mr. Verner said, when he came in, that he could not help being late sometimes now?"

"You need not defend him," said Sibylla.

"It seems to me that you are all ready to take his part against me."

Lucy made no reply. An assertion more unfounded could not be spoken. At that moment the step of Lionel was heard on the stairs. He came in, looking jaded and tired.

"Up here this evening?" he exclaimed, laying down a paper or parchment which he had in his hand. "Catherine says my mother and Decima are out. Why, Sibylla, what is the matter?"

Sibylla dashed the handkerchief off her brow as he advanced to her, and rose up, speaking vehemently. The sight of her husband appeared to have brought the climax to her temper.

"Where have you been? Why were you not in to dinner?"

"I could not get home in time. I have been detained."

"It is false," she retorted, her blue eyes flashing fire. "Business! business! It is always your excuse now! You stay out for no good purpose."

The outbreak startled Lucy. She backed a few paces, looking scared.

"Sibylla!" was all the amazed reply uttered by Lionel.

"You leave me here, hour after hour, to solitude and tears, while you are out, taking your pleasure! I have all the endurance of our position, and you the enjoyment."

He battled for a moment with his rising feelings; battled for calmness, for forbearance, for strength to bear. There were moments when he was tempted to answer her in his own spirit.

"Pleasure and I have not been very close friends of late, Sibylla," he gravely said. "None can know that better than you. My horse fell lame, and I have been leading him these last two hours. I have now to go to Verner's. Something has arisen on which I must see Mr. Mansfield."

"It is false, it is false," reiterated Sibylla. "You are not going to Verner's; you are not going to see Mr. Mansfield. You best know where you are going; but it is not there. It is the old story of Rachel Frost over again."

The words confounded Lionel: both that they were inexplicable, and spoken in such vehement passion.

"What do you say about Rachel Frost?"

"You know what I say, and what I mean. When Deedham looked at her and near for the man who did the injury to Rachel, they little thought they might have found him in Lionel Verner. Lucy Tempest, it is true. He—"

But Lionel had turned imperatively to Lucy, drawing her to the door, which he opened. It was no place for her, a discussion such as this.

"Will you be so kind as to go down and make me a cup of tea, Lucy?" he said, in a wonderfully calm tone, considering the provocation he was receiving. He closed the door on Lucy, and turned to his wife.

"Sibylla, allow me to request, nay, to insist, that when you have fault to find, or reproach to cast to me, you choose a moment when we are alone. If you have no care for what may be due to me and to yourself, you will do well to bear in mind that something is due to others. Now, then, tell me what you mean about Rachel Frost."

"I won't," said Sibylla. "You are killing me," and she burst into tears.

Oh, it was weary work!—weary work for him. Such a wife as this!

"In what way am I killing you?"

"Why do you leave me so much alone?"

"I have undertaken work, and I must do it. But, as to leaving you alone, when I am with you you scarcely ever give me a civil word."

"You are leaving me now—you are wanting to go to Verner's. To-night," she reiterated with strange inconsistency, considering that she had just insisted he did not want to go there.

"I must go, Sibylla. I have told you why; and I have told you truth. Again I ask you what you mean about Rachel Frost."

Sibylla flung up her hands petulantly.

"I won't tell you, I say. And you can't make me. I wish, I wish Fred had not died."

She turned round on the sofa and buried her face in the cushions. Lionel, true to the line of conduct he had carried out for himself, to give her all possible tokens of respect and affection ever, whatever might be her provocation—and all the more true to it from the very consciousness that the love of his inmost heart grew less here, more another's day by day, bent over her and spoke kindly. She flung back her hand in a repelling manner towards him, and maintained an obstinate silence. Lionel, sick and weary, at length withdrew, taking up the parchment.

How sick and weary, none, save himself, could know. Lucy Tempest had the tea be-

fore her, apparently ready, when he looked into the drawing-room.

"I am going on now to Verner's. I will see you after tea, when he returns. I may be late."

"But you will take some tea first?" cried Lucy, in a hasty tone. "You asked me to make it for you."

He knew he had; asked her as an excuse to get her from the room.

"I don't care for it," he wearily answered.

"I am sure you are tired," said Lucy.

"When did you dine?"

"I have not dined. I have taken nothing since I left home this morning."

"Oh!"

She was hastening to the bell. Lionel stopped her, laying his hand upon her arm.

"I could not eat it, Lucy. Just one cup of tea, if you will."

She returned to the table, poured out the cup of tea, and he drank it standing.

"Shall I take Mrs. Verner up a cup?" asked Lucy. "Will she drink it, do you think?"

"Thank you, Lucy. It may do her head good. I think it aches much to-night."

He turned, and departed. Lucy noticed that he had left the parchment behind him, and ran after him with it. Catching him as he was about to close the hall-door. She knew that all such business-looking papers went up to Verner's. "Did you mean to leave it? Or have you forgotten it?"

He had forgotten it. He took it from her, retaining her hand for a moment.

"Lucy, you will not misjudge me?" he said, in a strange tone of pain.

Lucy looked up at him with a bright smile and a very emphatic shake of the head. She knew by instinct that he alluded to the accusation of his wife, touching Rachel Frost. Lucy misjudged him!

"You should have waited to eat some dinner," she gently said. "Take care you don't faint by the way, like that sick patient of Jan's did, the other morning."

Lionel went on. At any rate there was peace outside, if not within: the peace of outward calm. He lifted his hat; he bared his brow, aching with its weight of trouble, to the clear night air; he wondered whether he should have, so to bear, for his whole long life. At the moment of passing the outer gates, the carriage of Sir Rufus Hauley drew up, bearing Decima.

Lionel waited to receive her. He helped her out, and gave her his arm to the hall-door. Decima walked with her head down.

"You are silent, Decima. Are you sad?"

"Yes," she answered. "Sir Rufus is dead."

"Dead!" echoed Lionel in very astonishment, for he had heard nothing of the sudden illness.

"It is so," she replied, breaking into sobs. "Spasms at the heart, they say. Jan and Dr. Hayes were there, but they could not save him."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Mr. Coventry Patmore says:—

"Before all else, when wed you do, See that the woman equals you; A poor estate's a foolish plea For marrying to a base degree; A gentleman's twice as cheap, As well as pleasant, to keep."

A young man, knowing that a young lady, of whom he imagined himself enamored, understood the language of flowers, sent her a beautiful rose, as a declaration of love, attaching a slip of paper, on which was written, "If not accepted I proceed to war." In return she forwarded a pickle jar containing a single mango (man go).

A thrifty wife wonders why the men can't manage to do something useful. Might they not as well amuse themselves in smoking hams as smoking cigars? [Sometimes they do—when they are cold.]

"Well, Spurt," said Quiz, during a discussion of the tax bill, "the tax will come pretty heavy on you." "On me, why?" "Because income is to be taxed, and everybody knows that you're a nincum."

M. Mirbel has very properly compared the terrestrial globe to two immense mountains, whose bases are united at the equator, and whose summits are the arctic regions around its northern and southern poles.

Mary Magdalen had but seven devils. Probably the race of devils has increased and multiplied since. Our rebel women, if we may judge from the manifestations of some of them, have about seventy devils apiece.

As two gentlemen were discussing the merits of a popular preacher, one of them remarked: "He always prays for the widows and orphans, but never says anything about widowers."

Little girls believe in a man in the moon—young ladies believe in a man in the honey moon.

An Irishman just from the sod was eating some old cheese, when he found, to his dismay, that it contained living inhabitants.

"Be jabers!" said he, "does your chaze in this country have children?"

"Mamma," said Master Harry, "how fat Amelia has grown!" "Yes," replied his father, "but don't say 'fat,' dear; say 'stout.'"

At the dinner table on the following day, Harry was asked if he would take any fat. "No, thank you," said Harry, "I'll take some stout." His mother leaned back in her chair with surprise.

"Did I understand you to call me a puppy, sir?" "Yes, sir, I called you a puppy."

"Lucky for you! The insult is too small to notice; but had you called me a dog—an old dog—I would have knocked you down."

A VERY NOVEL SUIT.—Yesterday morning Squire Ben. Eggleston, of this city, a venerable gentleman, whose hairs are silvered with the frosts of sixty-five winters, was arrested by Constable Lewis Reese, and arraigned before Justice Hampton, in South Covington, on the charge of kissing Miss Lavina Fenton, a young and beautiful lady, contrary to her wishes. The Squire was fined \$1 and costs for the offence.—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

## LAW AND THE "PATHIES."

Some time ago Dr. Newton made his appearance, at Sanson Street Hall, under the auspices of the Spiritual Association, who held forth each Sabbath at that place. Dr. Newton is a healing medicine, in the opinion of that party, of unusual powers. He delivered a lecture on that Sunday, and at the close of the performance all the lame and halt—those whose faculties were in any way impaired, were invited to stand and be healed.

The doctor put his hands upon each patient. That Sunday he manipulated about a dozen invalids and cripples. Upon some he produced no effect, but there is no doubt that two or three of the number who either were, or supposed themselves to be, the inhabitants of various diseases, walked away apparently whole. How far they walked before the excitement died away, and they sank again, or whether they were permanently cured, is more than we can say.

In the doctor's study afterwards rented a furnished house No. 1205 Chestnut street, and without a line of advertising, he has had from one to two hundred patients a day ever since. The house is dingly furnished, but looks like a place of the blindest kind of business. Visitors are received in the parlor. The furniture is scanty, and upon the unopened piano, the mantle and the table, are plainly framed photographs, representing patients whom the doctor has had a broken cure of every variety of ill ever yet heard of. A frosty haired man sits at a desk by the back window. He is the doctor's secretary. He receives the fees and gives tickets to visitors to see the doctor, whose office is in the second story back room. In passing up the stairway is seen about half a cord of crutches and canes, which the secretary declares to have been left by patients whom the doctor has cured.

In the upper room we find the doctor. An opened door shows a large wheelbarrow load of "ear-horns," left by deaf people who, after seeing the doctor, needed them no longer.

The presiding genius of the office, Dr. Newton, is a man of rather more than medium height, good figure and presence, the top of the head and forehead prematurely bald. His hair and whiskers are gray. His age is about forty-five. We find him looking at a patient just entered. The patient has a broken back.

"You have a spine disease?" he says.

"Yes," replies the patient, a boy of 18, evidently very poor.

"I can't cure you. You have had palpitation of the heart?"

"Yes, very bad."

"I can cure that, and this will be a great deal."

The doctor embraces the boy, and presses his hands upon his heart.

At this moment two ladies, who had previously assured us that the doctor had cured them of diseases, began to talk.

"Don't talk while I am operating," said the doctor. "When my whole will is concentrated upon a patient, talking distracts me, and breaks the current of magnetism in its passage from me to my patient."

In about sixty or eighty seconds the doctor released the boy. "Now," said he, "you are cured of palpitation of the heart. You will never feel it again."

The boy said his arm hurt him badly, and the arm was similarly treated, but whether a cure was made the reader knows as well as we. We saw four persons, all very poor, who gratefully ascribed the cure of various ailments to the doctor. This was last Saturday afternoon, and these people came to receive their pensions. The doctor tells us that to some dozens of his indigent patients he donates \$2 or more every week. The doctor made a slight explanation of his theory and practice. He says that the cures he performs are quite as astonishing to himself as to any one else. He asked a doubting visitor to hold his hand about a foot above his (the doctor's) head, when he would feel a magnetic current ascending from it. The gentleman did so, and protested to feel it, but soon withdrew his hand. The doctor said it made him sick, but, when the fluid or magnetism passed off naturally from him to the patient, the sensation was highly pleasing, though somewhat exhausting.

Upon the walls of the doctor's office are conspicuously placarded:

"Never use any kind of medicine." "Never use intoxicating drinks of any kind." "Never sleep with the arms to the head," and others equally peculiar.

In cases of rheumatism, chronic stiffness, and the like, he kneads the surface of the affected parts, holds hot bricks or hot water to them, and thus attend two hundred patients a day. We know of at least twenty persons whose intelligence cannot be doubted, who claim thus instantaneously to have been cured by Dr. Newton. We have heard of others who have left his door under high excitement, leaving their crutches behind, who have sunk exhausted after reeling for a short distance, and have not since risen from their beds. The doctor's fee is ten dollars for the first visit. If a number of visits are necessary he requires a fee of five dollars upon every subsequent visit. The position he is worth. The poor he charges nothing.

The doctor, however, was yesterday held to answer by the Recorder in \$1,000, on a charge of "assault and battery, and a violation of the act against conjuring, &c."

A preliminary hearing came off last Thursday. The case was that of a child who was brought to the doctor by his parents. Four days after he had manipulated it, it was found by Drs. Stuart and DeLacy that the integuments of one of the vertebrae of the child's spine was broken, producing a curvature, crippling the child for life.

The office of the Recorder yesterday was well filled. Dr. Newton was accompanied by George Earl, Esq., as counsel. The prosecutor was represented by Lewis C. Cassidy, Esq. There was no additional testimony, except that of detective Somers, who had professionally consulted the doctor.

Mr. Somers said that he applied to the doctor for relief from an affection of the kidneys. The only thing of which he was relieved was five dollars. But on cross-examination he said he had only visited the doctor once. He found that \$2 was necessary for a second visit, and he didn't think the money well enough spent. On the previous hearing the parents of the child had testified to the character of the doctor's treatment, and the doctor affirmed to the results.

Mr. Earle made a very learned speech. He endeavored to show that the charge of assault and battery was absurd, as there was no refusal after the molasses was made. The refusal after the molasses was made, and the value of the sorghum, every part of which appears to be useful. The refuse, after making wine, can be turned into paper pulp for printing purposes.

The GUNBOATS.—The gunboats, lying in the Rappahannock river, between Port Royal and Port Conway, were attacked on the 11th by the rebels with some very heavy guns. The rebels occupied a very strong position on Borden's Hill, and fired with great precision on the gunboats, compelling them to change their position. The rebels, emboldened, ran a battery down to the edge of a swamp that had between them and the gunboats, and opened fire. The gunboats were reinforced on the 12th, when it was expected they would give a good account of themselves. The position they occupied on the 11th was a very difficult one for them to make their guns bear on the rebel batteries.

I've been trying that for a number of years, but it didn't work." (A general grin.)

Mr. Earle resumed his speech by showing that the charge was absurd. He ranged through history, showing the troubles of Harvey, who discovered the circulation of the blood; Jenner, who found that cow's teats cured small pox, and of numerous other savans in literature and science, who had almost received the fate of the men who invented the steam engine and the umbrella. He pronounced Dr. Newton as a gentleman who could bring before a jury the subjects of more remarkable cures than the entire faculty could boast. He was very glad to see that there were none of the regular faculty present, and deplored the spirit of the prosecution in earnest terms.

Mr. Cassidy was short and terse. The case before a jury might show that he was all wrong. At present he should ask that the doctor be held over. As to the conjuring part of the business, now—now was as much against the statute as fortune-telling. Assault and battery is the legal term for the violence done to the child. The doctor may be very charitable. So was Robin Hood. He too took from the rich and gave to the poor. Motive power and magnetism might all be very well, but society should be protected against persons claiming to treat disease who know nothing of the human organization, and profess an ability to effect instantaneous cures by semi-magical agency.

This closed the speaking. The Recorder said he would like to discharge the doctor, but couldn't conscientiously do it. He would be obliged to ask a thousand dollars security for the doctor's appearance at Court. This was entered. The crowd then dispersed. The assembly comprised the largest collection of spiritualists we have yet seen outside of the Harmonia society's meetings at Sanson Street Hall.—*Philadelphia North American.*

An Incident of Battle.—Colonel McNeil at South Mountain.

Col. Hugh McNeil, of the famous Pennsylvania "Bucktail" Regiment, who was killed at the battle of Antietam, was one of the most accomplished officers in the Federal service. A soldier relates an exploit of his at South Mountain, which is well recording:—

During the battle at South Mountain the rebels held a very strong position. They were posted in the mountain pass, and had infantry on the heights on every side. Our men were compelled to carry the place by storm. The position seemed impregnable; large craggy rocks protected the enemy on every side, while our men were exposed to a galling fire.

A band of rebels occupied a ledge on the extreme right, as the column approached with a few of his men. The unseen force poured upon them a volley. McNeil, on the instant, gave the command:

"Pour your fire upon those rocks!"

The Bucktails hesitated; it was not an order that they had been accustomed to receive; they had always picked their men.

"Fire!" thundered the colonel, "I tell you to fire at those rocks!"

The men obeyed. For some time an irregular fire was kept up, the Bucktails sheltering themselves as best they could, behind trees and rocks. On a sudden, McNeil caught sight of two rebels peering through an opening in the work, to get an aim. The eyes of the men followed their commander, and half-a-dozen rifles were leveled in that direction.

"Wait a minute," said the colonel, "I will try my hand. There is nothing like killing two birds with one stone."

The two rebels were not in line, but one stood a little distance back of the other, while just in front of the foremost was a slanting rock. Col. McNeil seized a rifle, raised it, glanced a moment along the polished barrel; a report followed, and both the rebels disappeared. At that moment a loud cheer a little distance beyond rent the air.

"All is right now," cried the colonel, "charge the rocks!"

The men sprang up among the rocks in an instant. The slanting rock was taken, and another body of the Bucktails, and were obliged to surrender. Not a man of them escaped. Every one saw the object of the colonel's order to fire at random among the rocks. He had sent the party around to their rear, and meant this to attract their attention. It was a perfect success.

The two rebels by the opening in the ledge were found lying there stiff and cold. Col. McNeil's bullet had struck the slanting rock in front of them, glanced, and passed through both their heads. There it lay beside them, flattened. The colonel picked it up and put it in his pocket.

REAL ESTATE RISING.—Real estate has at length been reached by the currency, and we may confidently expect not only great activity but much higher prices. At the New York real estate sales rooms the attendance is daily larger, and all the evidences of manner and feeling point to another wild speculation and fabulous prices before the end is reached.

Real estate is usually the last marketable commodity to yield to the influence of the currency, but when the movement is once started it soon becomes the most uncontrollable of all speculations. If the currency shall be materially increased during the coming year, or if the impression shall strengthen that it will be increased, real estate promises to become the all-absorbing fancy. Many persons looking to the safety of their capital during the rebellion, are having recourse to investment in real estate as the only staple security.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

WINE FROM SORGHUM.—Wine of a good color and taste, something in flavor like sherry, and in body and richness like old Madeira, made from the sorghum, was exhibited at the state fair in Indiana, by Mr. Myres, of Springfield, Ohio. It can be made and sold for five cents a gallon. The sorghum stalk is used for sugar or molasses, as fully as possible, the crushed and juiceless splinters. It is made only of that cane which has yielded all the sugar it contains. The quantity obtained, Mr. Myres states, is about one barrel of wine for every ten of molasses, using only the refuse after the molasses is made. This is the cheapest wine made, and will add to the value of the sorghum, every part of which appears to be useful. The refuse, after making wine, can be turned into paper pulp for printing purposes.

THE DUC DE GRAMMONT Cadorese, who recently killed an Englishman named Dillon, a writer in the French journal *Le Sport*, in a duel, and was acquitted, as usual, by a French jury, has been just condemned by the civil tribunals to pay to the mother of the deceased, who was dependent on him, 3,000 francs for expenses of funeral, &c., and also an annuity of 3,000 francs for her own life, and the reversion of two-thirds of that sum to her two sons, who are confined as lunatics.







## Wit and Humor.

## A HIGH OLD ROMANCE.

## CHAPTER I.

The aspect of the mansion was intensely aristocratic. Sumptuous double parlors glorified the first floor. Lusty sliding doors adorned the exquisite scene. They were glittering magnificently in double coats of peerly china glass. Superb Brussels carpets with white poodles wrought in medallion gold yielded to the mandarin blue, French enameled-paper tapestry of a bewildering pattern was profusely posted all over the regal walls.

To further prove that it was a tight fit shoddy for blooded rank, fashion and beauty, we have but to say that everything was secured by a heavy mortgage.

This gorgeous mansion had been constructed on a plan of entire confidence, regardless of expense. It was a model of modern convenience. All the windows looked out of doors when you were inside, and inside when you were out of doors.

Marvellous ingenuity had been exercised in the perfection of this novel arrangement. Twenty closets with ten clothes hooks each were lavished about the house, and a mammoth coal bin lowered in one corner of the cellar.

The hinges of all the doors were regularly and profusely oiled once per week by an ex-brakeman formerly in the employ of the Empress of the North Atlantic Ocean R. R. Co. Notwithstanding the happy family of all this splendor was miserable.

Utterly miserable. Irretrievably wretched. Naturally the sympathetic reader will ache to know the reason.

To mystify is not the author's intention. He does not desire to precipitate the mind of the reader into a quandary, or anything else.

The ex-brakeman had dexterously wormed himself into the affections of the pampered child of all this luxury!

## CHAPTER II.

Our thrilling tale opens of a misty evening, carefully, with the noble front door of this gilded abode of misery. The brazen ex-brakeman entered with a beautiful red lantern clanging fondly to his muscular arm.

It had chanced there when he was discharged from the service of the arrogant E. M. H. R. R. Co., through an irresponsible breach of trust.

He had neglected to water the horse at the end of the route! So gross a violation of the Co.'s humane regulations excited the ire of the old bald-headed reprobate who presided as President. The brakeman was expelled.

Does the thoughtless reader think the treatment harsh? Not so.

Supposing this horse, through want of water, had, upon the return route, become exhausted and had fallen down. Let your imagination picture the dreadful catastrophe.

In all human probability the car would have come to a dead stop! His name was Dennis McCarthy.

Such was the name of the ex-brakeman. In one hand he bore a Patent Oiler. This Oiler had also fondly adhered to him upon his expulsion from the Co.'s service.

Nine points of law invested him with the right of possession. He drew himself up in the hall in an attitude of entire suspense, and listened.

He heard nothing but silence. He heaved a yearning sigh up from the bottom of his burning heart, and inclined his classic head forward until his flowing, flaming beard reposed in luxurious struggles upon his brawny bosom.

He then took a chew of tobacco. It was a grand spectacle. Why did he come? You will doubtless say, to grease the hinges of the door.

Not at all. As the author has previously announced, to mystify is not his intention. His object was to worm himself still further into the affections of the infatuated child of all this princely splendor!

The author has neglected to mention that the child was a girl. Such was his object.

## CHAPTER III.

"Deal with me kindly, cheer my young heart, I'll follow thee be-lyndly, wherever thou art."

This intoxicating original rhapsody floated upon the ravished ears of the gliding McCarthy as he stood in the desolate solitude of the hall.

He murmured: "Bedad! that's the vice uv me darlint!" Then he drew in an amount of air so vast that it burst the lower horn button from off of his elegant green tunic jacket, and it fell with a great slap, and onto the floor.

"Hence there!" bellowed a hoary bull-dog voice from the sumptuous first parlor. "Hiss!" mumbled McCarthy; "Be jabers, that's the cold blackguard! I'll smudge the lads."

"Which did you say, pa?" murmured a sweet modulation voice from the royal second parlor. "I've dragged me smeltin' boots."

"Daddy better!" croaked the old frog. "You're laddy my rag."



The New System of Calisthenics.

As a great portion of human life is now devoted to the above exercise, it ought to be constantly practised in private. It hardens the retina of the eye, and imparts a look of determination to the brow.—*Vanity Fair.*

"Faith! and saved me hed!" chuckled McCarthy.

With that he got down upon his craven hands and knees, and with the terrible Patent Oiler between his teeth crept stealthily into the royal second parlor.

And the old man snored on in fancied security. Besotted fool!

Know you not that the ex-brakeman is even now worming himself into the affections of your daughter? Alas! he did not.

## CHAPTER IV.

"Ever of thee I'm fondly dreaming. Morn, noon and night, wherever I may be, Ever I'm fondly dreaming of thee."

"Why so pensive, dearest?" murmured a bass viol voice, heavily laden with the odors of the Indians' favorite weed, in her large and languishing ear, as a green baine jacket threw its manly arms around her tender ostrich neck.

That voice! She smelt it, and to smelt it was to know it. "Oh! Dennis, me luv, art cum?"

"Be dad! I am, on all fours," she whispered; laying her beautiful black hair carefully upon his shoulder and blinding his eyes with a cross-eyed glance of dove-tailed adoration.

"Will fly wid me, darlint, to me red-wood shanty hard by the Mission road, where a sack of Murphys wait to call thee mistress, and thou shalt play all day wid swate soap suds in a new blue tub, and strangers shall call thee happy? Dost like the picter?"

"You bet I dust!" she sighed; "but me nips the buds of me affections and ripe our clinging souls apart."

"Hist! the ould brute slapes. We can give him the slip as slick as grass. Willt go wid me to the prate this blissid night?" "I will," she sighed.

And they locked themselves fast in each other's embrace. And there they were!

## CHAPTER V.

"Love laughs at blacksmiths." An hour later there was a terrible concussion in the royal front parlor.

The Old Blasted Aristocracy was awake! Wide awake. Swearing. Stamping. Cursing. Ravaging.

The royal back parlor was empty. CHAPTER VI. An old man sat on the widest board of the floor of a narrow room in the Insane Hospital at Stockton.

He always sat on the widest board. Because he was mad! One day a man passed the door of his den with a Patent Oiler in his hand.

"Ha-a-a-a-h!" shrieked the old man, jumping up like a cat touched with a hot poker—"Art worming yet?"

To him there was but one oiler in the world, and but one man to carry it. He sat down on the wide board again and commenced crying.

He cried all that day. In the morning there was two feet of water in the room. He cried all that day. In the morning there was four feet of water in the room.

The old man still sat on the widest board. A bald spot about two inches in circumference floated upon the surface of the water. It was the extreme top of the old man's head.

He had drowned himself in his own tears. He was as dead as a door-nail!

## SEQUEL.

"Are the prates dun yit, Judy?" Her name was not Judy. It was Julia.

But she had married for love. Love looks all!

It was Dennis who spoke. They were in the redwood shanty, hard by the Mission road. Six pledges of affection were wallowing in the mud which composed the floor.

Enjoying the same luxury were a dozen barn-yard fowls and a litter of pigs. It was a scene to delight the eye of an ultra-democrat!

Did Julia de Muggins McCarthy regret the past? Not by a jug full. I tell you she was gritty.

"Taters is all you think of, you Irish paddy," was her reply. "Bedad! and if I'd thought a little more on um when I took yer yer father's house I'd left yer. I haven't had my fill ov um since."

"Why not?" "Because yer mouth is always openin on um foreninst me." You could see that the vulgar imputation crushed her.

She stared at him wildly for a moment, her face working into all sorts of expressions. Then she walked past him with dreadful determination in her manner, out of the shanty door, round to the rear.

Would she kill herself? No, she is too coarse. She took a swig of whiskey!

NOTE.—The author has endeavored to hold the mirror up to Nature. If the images presented seem distorted it is owing to the obliqueness of the glass. Hoping to encounter the reader at no distant day in the flowery paths of imaginative literature, he lavishes his esteem upon him and retires.

SATISFIED THAT ARE NOT POOR RICHARD'S.—Captain Billings is now in Poughkeepsie, and gives to the Press of that city some proverbs and sharp sayings.

A man who will chew turbacker will drink santy kruse rum, and a man that will drink santy kruse rum will go to the devil, and a man who will go to the devil is mean enuff to du enny thing.

You can tell just about what a man will do by hearing him tell what he has did. I am prepared to sa to seven of the rich men out of every ten, "make the most of your money for it makes the most of yu."

Debt is an Eal pot, a big hoal where yu go in, and a small one where yu cum out. Man was kreated a little lower than the Angels, and he has bin gitting a little lower ever since.

The most oneasy knitter I ever persened was a bob-tail Bull, in flit time. When yu have serus trouble, du as the dogs du when they get whipped; go in secret and lick your sores till the git well, and then look up another flit.

I have known folks, whose caliber was very small, and whose bore is very big. There is this difference between rusting out and wearing out; if yu rust out, when yu git thru yu ain't worth a cuse, but if yu wear out, what's left of yu is fust-rate.

This world is full of Faith; a quart of whiskey has at least a gallon of Faith in it. A big soul makes a man look like an old-fashioned tin lantern with a kandle lit in it.

The meanest man I ever nu was the one who stole a sugar whistle from a nigger baby to sweeten a cup of rye koffee with.

ASKING TOO MUCH.—A little boy "well in his boots" for the first time, said to his mother, after reading the customary chapter in Scott's family Bible:

"Mother, why did not Moses wear boots?" "Why, my son, what makes you ask that? perhaps he did; we don't know."

"No, mother, he didn't, because the Bible says that the voice that came out of the burning bush told him to take off his shoes!" There was no reply to this clincher.

LITERARY EXHAUSTION.—Frequently we meet with a writer who achieves one remarkable book, and whatever other books he writes are comparatively failures—echoes of the same thought, repetitions of the same creations. The reason of that stint of invention is obvious; the author has embodied certain ideas long meditated; and if his book be really great, all the best of those ideas are poured into it. In the interval between that book and the next, he has not paused to ponder new studies and gather from them new ideas, and the succeeding books comprise but the leavings of the old ideas.

A man of genius is inexhaustible only in proportion as he is always renouncing his genius. Both in mind and body, where nourishment ceases vitality falls.—*Dulver.*

HINTS FOR DOING GOOD.—Three evenings in the week borrow the school-room, or any other room. Provide in winter a good fire and a good light; collect half a dozen poor boys, and hire a journeyman shoemaker for two hours each night, to teach these boys how to patch and mend shoes; and when a boy has shown his efficiency by mending his own shoes, then dismiss him; but give him the necessary tools, and a bit of leather, and advise him to pay for his instruction by mending the first pair of shoes for some poor child without charging for it; or let him gratuitously teach some fatherless boy to mend shoes, as others have taught him.

Old folks become precise and methodical, because, feeling that life is drawing toward its close, they desire to make the best of the remnant that is left, and the most of everything they do. Youth thinks it has so great a future before it, and plans so many grand achievements for the coming "morrow," that the common duties of the day are slightly and slightly discharged.

The Scriptures speak of a man's asking for bread, and receiving a stone. The rebels ask for salt, and we give them salt-petre.



THE NEW SYSTEM OF CALISTHENICS.

This exercise is peculiarly adapted to bilious persons. It strengthens the gastric organs, and is otherwise invaluable to recruits. It cures lumbago and common ague, and is a pleasant alternative.—*Vanity Fair.*

## Agricultural.

## ESTIMATING THE CAPACITY OF BARNS.

Very few farmers are aware of the precise amount of shelter needed for their crops, but lay their plans of outbuildings from vague conjecture or guessing. As a consequence, much of their produce has to be stacked outside, after their buildings have been completed; and if additions are made they must be put up at the expense of convenient arrangement. A brief example will show how the capacity of the barn may be adapted to the size of the farm.

Suppose, for example, that the farm contains 100 acres, of which 90 are good arable land, and that one-third each are devoted to meadow, pasture and grain. Ten acres of the latter may be corn, stored in a separate building. The meadow should afford two tons per acre, and yield 60 tons; the sown grain, 30 acres, may yield a corresponding bulk of straw of 40 tons. The barn should, therefore, besides other matters, have a capacity for 100 tons, or over one ton per acre as average. Allowing 500 cubic feet for each ton (perhaps 600 would be nearer) it would require a bay or mow 40 feet long and 19 feet wide for a ton and a half to each foot of depth. If 20 feet high it would hold about 30 tons. If the barn were 40 feet wide, with 10 feet posts and 8 feet of basement, about 45 tons could be stowed away in a bay reaching from basement to peak. Two such bays, or equivalent space, would be required for the products of 90 well cultivated acres. Such a building is much larger than is usually allowed; and yet without it there must be a large waste, as every farmer is aware who stacks his hay out; or a large expenditure of labor in pitching and repitching sheaves of grain in threshing.

In addition to this, as we have already seen, there should be ample room for the shelter of domestic animals. In estimating the space required, including feeding alleys, etc., a horse should have 75 square feet, a cow 45 feet, and sheep about 10 square feet each. The basement of a barn, therefore, 40 by 75 feet in the clear, will stable 30 cattle and 150 sheep, and a row of stalls across one end will afford room for 8 horses. The 30 acres each of pasture and meadow, and the 10 acres of corn fodder already spoken of, with a portion of grain and roots, would probably keep about this number of animals, and consequently a barn, with a basement of less size than 40 by 75 feet, would be insufficient for the accommodation of such a farm in the highest state of cultivation.—*J. J. Thomas.*

## EARTH-WORMS.

The earth-worm does not seem to have very much occupied the attention of naturalists. Darwin has convinced us of his utility, and has shown that he is the unrecognized agent who from time to time increases the vegetable mould that covers the surface of the cultivable soil. The worm does this by depositing upon the upper surface of the ground those little cylindrical heaps of fine corrugated earth which in growing weather are always to be found lying at the base of the grassy turf in lawn or field, and which we constantly see in the flower-beds of the garden. These worm-castings are so abundant in certain soils as to cover in a comparatively short time whole layers of lime, cinders, or gravel, and bury them several inches deep; and instances have been recorded in which lands that had been completely faced with hard material have had, in the course of years, a soft soil more than a foot in depth deposited upon the hard artificial surface. Other writers have remarked on the conduct of worms under certain circumstances. Thus it has been noticed by Mr. Jesse that if you snatch a worm from his hole as he lies holding on to it with his tail, which he is fond of doing in moist weather, it is beyond your power to put him into it again, and what is more, that he cannot get into it himself. The same writer tells us that in the winter of 1836 he found one morning a number of large earth-worms writhing in evident distress on the surface of a deep fall of snow; and he accounts for the strange sight on the supposition that the creatures had wandered forth early in the night, which was moist and temperate, and had been prevented from regaining their holes by the sudden fall of snow.

HORSE-SHOES FOR SNOW.—We printed a year ago some directions for making horse-shoes for use in winter to protect horses against the snow which gathers in large balls upon their shoes. These directions were to the effect that the upper side of the shoe should be made wider than the lower side. Thus made the snow will more generally fall out than from shoes made in the usual way. It is easy to try it. Many a horse has been ruined by having the coffin joint sprained in consequence of snow-balls.—*Germaniston Telegraph.*

## FENCES, LIVE AND DEAD.

E. Cornell, Esq., President of the New York State Agricultural Society, writing to the Country Gentleman in regard to fences, says:—

"The live fences of England I think less of than I did before I saw them. The hedge generally occupies as much or more land as our crooked rail fence, and is quite as expensive. A stone wall is the best and cheapest farm fence, when the material is at hand to build it. England and America both have more fence than is profitable or desirable in my opinion—the Continent perhaps has less. In travelling from Calais to Paris, thence to and through Switzerland, Germany, Prussia and Belgium, we saw no fencing of farms, no hedge-rows or waste land between crops. Cattle are easier fenced in than out, and the easiest method is pursued. In England it is being discovered that they have more hedge-rows than they can afford, and one estate that I have heard of has recently reclaimed and added 45 acres to its tillable lands by uprooting old hedges and consolidating fields. It is high time for a fence reformation at home, but we should not be so radical as to destroy all our fences at once."

## Useful Receipts.

SOLVENT FOR OLD PUTTY AND PAINT.—Soft soap mixed with solution of potash or caustic soda; or pearl ash and slaked lime mixed with sufficient water to form a paste. Either of these laid on with an old brush or rag, and left for some hours, will render it easily removable.

BEST ROOT COFFEE.—A very good coffee can be made of beet root in the following manner: Cut dry beet root into very small pieces, then gradually heat it in a close pan over the fire for about fifteen minutes. Now introduce a little sweet, fresh butter, and bring it up to the roasting heat. The butter prevents the evaporation of the sweetness and aroma of the beet root, and when fully roasted it is taken out, ground, and used like coffee. A beverage made of it is cheap, and as good for the human system as coffee or chocolate.

WATER-PROOF BOOT SOLES.—If hot tar is applied to boot soles it will make them water proof. Let it be as hot as the leather will bear without injury, applying it with a swab and drying it in by fire. The operation may be repeated two or three times during the winter, if necessary. It makes the surface of the leather quite hard, so that it wears longer, as well as keeps out the water. Oil or grease softens the sole, and does not do much in keeping the water out. It is a good plan to provide boots for winter during summer, and prepare the soles by tarring, as they will then become, before they are wanted to wear, almost as firm as horn, and will wear twice as long as those unprepared.

FOR SORE THROAT AND CHAPPED HANDS.—Every family should keep a quantity of chloride of potash. We have never found anything equal to it for a simple ulcerated sore throat. Dissolve a small teaspoonful of it in a tumbler of water, and then occasionally take a spoonful of the solution so as to gargle the throat. It is nearly tasteless, and not at all offensive to take, and it is hence well adapted to children. Nothing is better than this for chapped or cracked hands. Wash them in the weak solution, and they will soon be well. It is also good for a rough, pimply, or chapped face. It may be procured at any druggist's.—*Exchange Paper.*

## HAIR DYE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.  
Take gallic acid 10 grains.  
Acetic acid 1 ounce.  
Tincture of sesqui chloride of iron 1 ounce.

Dissolve the gallic acid in the tincture of sesqui chloride of iron, and then add the acetic acid. Before using this preparation, the hair should be thoroughly washed, with soap and water. A great desideratum in this receipt is, that it can be so applied, as to color the hair either black, or the lighter shade of brown. If black is desired, the preparation should be applied while the hair is moist, and for the brown, it should not be used till the hair is perfectly dry. The way to apply the compound is to dip the points of a fine tooth comb into it until the interstices are filled with the fluid, then gently draw the comb through the hair, commencing at the roots, till the dye has perceptibly taken effect. When the hair is entirely dry, oil and brush as usual.

IN Moravia there is a man living, a peasant, who is one hundred and forty-seven years old, and still hale and hearty. He was formerly a soldier, and re-married at the age of ninety. He lives on milk and potatoes.

## The Riddler.

## MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.  
I am composed of 66 letters.

My 42, 53, 54, 55, 56, 5, 6, 4, 40, 52, 53, 59, 59, 51, 5, is now in the command of the 13, 28, 18, 60, of the Potomac.

My 1, 64, 10, is double 65, 15, 27, one-half of 11, 65, 49, 38, one-third of 30, 41, 60, one-fourth of 35, 15, 48, 2, 61, one-fifth of 17, 54, 67, one-sixth of 6, 64, 40, 8, 31, 19, one-seventh of 11, 10, 49, 50, 34, 3, 56, 50, one-eighth of 54, 49, 60, 14, 9, 31, 37, and one-ninth of 30, 15, 42, 43, 7, 46, 52, 56.

My 20, 10, 22, is the highest 28, 18, 32, 38, of 56, 13, 62, 63, 43, 41, 47, 42.

My 30, 65, 57, is used to carry bricks.

My 30, 9, 52, is a very useful insect.

My 31, 60, 5, 54, and 23, are numeral letters.

My whole was one of the bloodiest tragedies of the war, and the date of its occurrence.

G. M. TUCKER.

## GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.  
I am composed of 44 letters.

My 30, 3, 4, 16, 7, 20, 34, 30, 13, is a town in Florida.

My 33, 7, 43, 40, 21, 35, 9, 7, 17, 38, is a county in Tennessee.

My 1, 11, 15, 37, 42, is a county in Virginia.

My 13, 23, 1, 7, 36, 4, 38, is in Indian Territory.

My 19, 32, 41, 3, 23, 14, 31, is a town in Ohio.

My 37, 2, 31, 6, 34, 43, 29, is a town in Illinois.

My 27, 7, 36, 5, 16, 13, 4, is a town in Indiana.

My 4, 33, 20, 34, 25, 38, 7, 10, 44, 15, 18, 4, is a county in North Carolina.

My 34, 25, 5, 32, is a Western river.

My 6, 7, 17, 24, 18, 39, 33, 14, is a town in Texas.

My whole is a verse in Psalms.

C. H.

## ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.  
I am composed of 22 letters.

My 10, 2, 30, 12, 5, 4, 11, 21, is a mode of conveyance.

My 3, 13, 1, 15, is a kind of preserve.

My 16, 17, 8, is a vessel for holding coffee.

My 23, 9, 13, is a kind of fish.

My 19, 7, 18, 14, is what is shown by those who subscribe for the Saturday Evening Post.

My 6, 10, 31, 7, 18, is a color.

I hope that my whole will eat his Christmas dinner in Richmond.

W. G. T. Albany, N. Y.

## CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.  
Complete in every house I've been.

Behold, and still in the house I'm seen.

Transpose and the horseman gallops over me.

As he rideth down to the neighboring sea.

LATA.

## RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.  
Entire, I am a portion of anything.

Behold me, and I become opposite to science.

Then transpose the first and second, and I become a nuisance.

Behold the nuisance, and a preposition will be left.

Behold the preposition, and a beverage will remain.

What am I?

G. M. TUCKER.

## TRIGONOMETRICAL QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.  
In measuring a right angle triangled tract of land, where none of the three sides could be measured direct from corner to corner, I measured from one of the acute corners across the tract, towards the opposite right angled line, and struck said line 19 perches from the other acute corner. I then went out these 19 perches to this last mentioned acute angle, and from it I measured across the tract again toward the other right angled line, and struck said line 9 perches from the first-mentioned acute corner, where I had started at the beginning. Now supposing I find each of these two measurements alike in length, and one of the right angled lines is known to be 100 perches more in length than the other right angled line. What is the area of the said tract? And what the length of each of its three sides.

DANIEL DIEFENBACH.  
Kraterville, Snyder Co., Pa.  
An answer is requested.

## PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.